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D. R. LOCKE'S LAST NOVEL.

Read announcement on Fourth Page.

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Poetry.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

EACH day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy-chair,
And watched from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing with boyish strife,
We two awaiting together;
And oft, as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It's night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"
And sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land—

Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
While the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for Heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me—
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,
I see their radiant brows;
My boys that I gave to freedom—
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a tangled Southern forest,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats o'er their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night;
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears,
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the West,
And the wee ones tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest;—
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear, they are all at home."

Our Story Teller.

THE COUNTESS RED HEAD.

A PICTURE OF OILDORADO.

BY STEPHEN W. BOLLES.

Written for THE BLADE.

TO-DAY Kinseys Run is but a reminiscence. It grew too fast and died young, but it was the embodiment of life while it boomed. Col. Bill started it, of course, for no other man had any right to do such a thing. The colonel had opened up the Whisky Hollow country, had made Maple Grove a teeming city; had sent a railroad into Sadford, and now his "mystery" has changed Kinsey's Run from a ravine away in the woods to a metropolis of Oildorado.

The forest of derricks, the rusty engines, the creaking walking-beams, the strong odor of oil and the motley throng were the same characteristics which from the days of Pithole had marked the new oil town.

The Countess was bewildered at the change. She had lived so long in the deep woods; so long used to the brooding silence, seldom seeing a human face except that of the old man, whom she called father, that the hurry and bustle, the drilling and gushing of the wells, had a wonderful effect upon her.

Col. Bill had named her. It was in keeping with his record. He had a name for everyone, and once having read Blackstone, the whole list of military titles must be given to living men and women. Col. Bill Rose had found the countess when he first arrived at Kinsey's. He saw a beautiful girl, growing up in the wilderness, knowing no more of right and wrong, no more of the great world, than the rabbit in the pathway. The old man went to town when he must get food, but the countess staid at home. Innocent as the babe, she imitated the old man's tones in speaking, and swore his terrible oaths with minute precision of accent and emphasis.

Col. Bill had won the girl's love. He had told her stories; he had taught her new words; and spoken of the wonderful world beyond the trees. When the kingdoms of Oildorado began to revolve about Kinsey's Run, and the human flood poured into the valley, the Countess Red-Head was Col. Bill's constant companion.

I recall distinctly the first time I ever saw her. I was sitting in the Clarendon Hotel, when she entered the bar-room.

Tall and slender, her face tanned from constant exposure to the sun, but with an outline which a sculptor might prize for a model; her hair falling in a thick mass over her shoulders—and hair so red that she did, though the man blushed furiously.

"I'll tell Col Bill all about ye. He'll do anything for ye, ye want. When I git bigger I'll kill that man."

II.

That evening Col. Bill Rose stood talking with the young stranger in front of the Gusher saloon.

"Are ye goin' to run a game here, Dick?" said the Colonel. "Kinsey's a good place—just now. Lots of lie here, lots of it, but 'tain't—but no use sayin' that to ye, Dick. You know how 'tis in other places. Why, who'd a thought Whisky Holler'd gone as she did? Lordy! All in a minit—all in a minit. But she did go an' leit me busted. I didn't despond. I lit out an' have got so far with Kinsey's. Luck to you Dick of ye stay."

"Parsons is a terror," said the Colonel to Major Beamer an hour later. "Nervy as they make 'em. Don't know one moral principle, blank me,—not one."

"Where's he from?"

"Well, I'm teetotally blanked! You askin' such a question. A gambler's folks ain't usually good pickin' for an ancestral hunter. But, sh! I'll tell you about Dick's mother. You know Calico Mary at Petrolia?"

"Yes."

"Sh! that's her."

"The dev—"

"Yes, yes, she is."

"His father?"

"Sent to Sing Sing or some other place right after the war for murderin' people too pernicious. Busted jail an' hain't never been heard of sence."

"There he's goin' now an' your countess is with him," said the major.

Col. Bill turned pale.

"The countess won't be very safe under his care," continued the major, not noticing his companion's face.

Col. Bill rose, and saying he had to get down to "The Mystery," hurried away.

At 1 o'clock the next morning, Dick Parsons rose from the round table in the Red Rose saloon, winner to the amount of ten thousand dollars.

Behind him, all through the night, her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, the Countess Red Head sat.

Twice Col. Bill had entered, and both times hurried out. Now when Parsons came out with the Countess, he stood in the shadow, and followed after them to the cabin on the hillside.

Parsons kissed the girl, said good night, and started down the bank.

A hand touched his arm. He whirled, thinking it was a thief, but dropped his hand when he saw Col. Bill.

"What do you want?" asked Parsons when they halted.

"Nothing, except a word about the countess."

"Well, why the blanked life did you take me here to say that?"

"Because, Dick Parsons, I know you. That gal, the Countess Red-Head, as I'm pleased to call her, is mine by discovery. I have sort of adopted her. Her imbecile old father hain't no good to her, and God only knows why he's livin' way out here in the woods unless"—

"Unless?"

"He's a convict or something of the kind. Now, the countess is young. She ain't mor'n seventeen, and what's more, she ain't always lived in the woods. I asked her once about it. She said 'twas in a place where they had so many houses. I named over the cities, and when I said Philadelphia she said, 'That's it.' Seems to me, Dick, that's where you were raised."

"Yes, but I don't see what I am to do about it."

"Nothing, now if there ever was an innocent creature, its the Countess. Why, boy, she hain't no more idea of the devilishness in the world than a new-born babe. She's as pure as an angel."

"Her language, eh!"

"What does she know of the meanin' of them words. Her miserable old dad says 'em, an' she is only mockin' him. Train her up right, I say, an' she'll be a lady. If she goes wrong—"

"What of it?"

"If she goes wrong, Dick Parsons, somebody'll be ter blame. The person thet is ter blame will be killed."

"Who'll do it?"

"Colonel Bill Rose."

"Is that all, colonel? It's getting cool out here," and Parsons turned up his coat collar.

"Just remember what I say, that's all."

"Yes, yes, Colonel Rose. The purity and beauty of your own soul shall be reflected in that of the Countess Red Head. The brick hair shall be safe. Good night."

"I must save her from him if I can. If I can't, why, I can only send him to meet his mother, who started to her last home yesterday."

That night Colonel Bill received a message requesting him to be in Oil City inside of ten hours, and he left on the first stage.

III.

The Countess had changed so much in two weeks that Colonel Bill hardly knew her when he stepped from the buck-board wagon in front of the Clarendon.

She saw him, but only to flush deeply, and turn away. Her dress was no longer calico. Her bare feet were encased in shoes, and her hands in gloves, while her hair had gone through an operation of civilization, and was rolled in the latest style.

"So soon! so soon!" said the colonel to himself. Tears filled his eyes, and he looked about for the gambler.

Major Beamer saw Col. Bill, and went to him.

"Lookin' for Parsons?"

"Yes, that is ——"

"Been playin' savage lately. Busted everything in the city. *She's* been doing it. *She's* his mascotte. Every time she sits by him in a game he breaks somethin'. I'm sorry for the gal, though. She *might* er been a fine lady."

"Has he a piece?"

"No, but he's goin' to open the dandiest one in Oildom. He's calling it 'The Countess,' after *her*."

* * * * * * * *

At 10 o'clock that night Col. Bill crossed Kinsey's Run, and climbed up the bank, stopping at the cabin door. He stood and listened to voices inside.

"I want you to go with me, dad. I'm goin' to be a lady, ain't I? an' Dick loves me, too. You needn't go hungry any more, dad. Jest come an' see what a nice time ye can have."

"Lesty! Lesty! My God! Don't do it. You ain't married to him yet! I'm bad, but"——

"Married? yes we are; Dick says so."

"Lesty, I can't go. I shall not go and leave my—"

"Your money! Is that it, dad. Why didn't ye make a lady of me then! Why didn't ye stop livin' in the woods like game! Are you afraid?"

"Stop! I have saved it all for you. I know I ain't done right, but I didn't want to give you up. It's all to be yours."

He walked across the room and lifted a board in the middle of the floor.

"Look! My Golden Hair! Do you see the money? Stay with me and you shall have it—now. You will not go," he begged piteously, "you are innocent; you don't know where it will end. Down, down, down, Lesty, until you want to die and throw yourself into the river. My God! I have seen them do it and be drawn out cold and stiff the next day."

His eyes were filled with tears, his hands lifted in supplication. The Countess stood for a moment and looked at the pleading old man.

"It's too late dad; tain't money I want dad—tain't money, it's love."

She opened the door and ran down the ravine bank as if afraid she would be coaxed to stay.

"Lestay! L-e-s-t-a-y-y!" shouted the old man. But no answer came except the mocking echo from up and down the gully, prolonged into a mournful wail by the curves and bends which the mountain stream had made.

IV.

Oildorado had never seen the equal of Dick Parsons's "Countess" saloon. It was gorgeous beyond compare, and the multitude which wandered into Kinsey's Run and swelled it's seething mixture of human beings struggling for a place to worship at the shrine of King Oil, all spent money over the mahogany bar or lost it playing at the small tables in the rear parlors.

These men wanted to see the living countess, and it became necessary that she should be on exhibition, mixing with the motley crowd, at the bar or in the gambling rooms, more freely than did Dick.

Her diamonds sparkled, but her eyes outshone them. She was beginning to know that wine would add lustre to them, and drank sometimes until she staggered.

But this could not always last. The rats began to leave the sinking ship. Oil suddenly ceased to flow; the derricks were being torn down; the engines were moved away. From his cabin on the ravine bank, the old man saw the change and sighed.

That evening Col. Bill went to the cabin.

"Have you seen Lesty?" asked the old man, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And Parsons, the gambler; is he broke yet?"

"Yes. But, Jack——"

"Jack? Great God! You know me?"

He stared at the colonel with watery eyes, and trembled in every limb.

"Sit down. Of course I know you. Do you think I would forget a man who has been of as much service to me as you? We're both changed. Don't call me anything but 'Col. Bill.'"

"You are the man I want, Colonel. Take me back to the stone walls. I am ready to go. Life is useless. Lesty ——."

"But you money?"

"Money? I have—but there ain't any use lyin' to you Colonel. You know it. I can see it in your eye. But don't touch it. There's blood on it. 'For life,' the Judge said. 'For life!' The words ring in my ears yet."

"But Lesty? is she yours?"

"No, she is—" but his mouth worked convulsively, his chin dropped, and before Col. Bill could reach him, he fell in a heap on the floor.

"No Sing Sing for him yet," said the Colonel, lifting him upon the bed. "I must get a doctor that'll bring him to."

The old man heard the door close after Col. Bill. It was only a momentary faint.

"No, I shall not go back," he whispered, "I shall not. I shall die here. But Lesty—she's mine. I promised her mother to care for her. The gold is hers. Her father's blood is on it, but it's her's."

He crept from the bed and across the floor to the cupboard, where he drank from a bottle of liquor. In the middle of the floor he halted and was about to lift the board, when a rap at the door startled him.

"It's Lesty," said a voice outside.

"I knew she'd come back," said the old man to himself. Come!"

She came, followed closely by Dick Parsons. The old man shrank back.

"Who is he?" he asked.

"Dick," of course, she answered coldly; "Dick, and he came to take back the money."

"Yes," said the gambler, "the gold under the floor," and he leaned over to lift up the board.

With a wild scream, the convict summoned all his energies and leaped upon Parsons.

A flash, a blow, and the old man lay still upon the floor.

"Dick Parsons, you have killed your father," said Col. Bill calmly, from the doorway.

"You here!" exclaimed the gambler, turning on the colonel savagely.

"You see I am," was the reply. "The old man, Dick Parsons, is your father, Jack Parsons, sent to Sing Sing eighteen years ago."

The Countess stood looking at the prostrate form of the dead man, and apparently did not hear the colonel's words:

"Parsons, I am known as a man of my word. You have expected me to kill you for a month. I know I'm—but you can thive. Not because I dare not do it, but because I have found that punishment in that way to you would be but reward. Take the Countess and go. She is not your sister—she is but a foster-child of the old man."

He stepped aside, and the gambler, leading the Countess, went out.

The next morning Parsons's place was closed, and neither he nor the Countess Red Head could be found in Kinsley's Run.

* * * * * *

"She might have been a glorious woman," said Colonel Bill, as he read the *Star* in Bradford, one morning, six years after. "By this paper I see he was killed in a drunken brawl in Buffalo last night. Circumstances made her, but circumstances might have done better. Poor Countess Red Head."

THE CURSE OF FRECKLES.

The Best Cosmetic to Use Is One That Cleopatra Knew Of.

With the early summer there goes up a moan from hund reds of women. It is not on the suffrage question. It's freckles. If you are an American the chances are that you have what doctors call a sensitive skin, and as soon as the suns begins to smile on you it leaves an impression—it is an impression—that you do not fancy, and you use every remedy you can think of to make it go away. Be wise in your generation and, with the exception of taking very good care of your skin, let the freckles alone. You may be induced to do this when you are told, as a grandmother did a party of young girls, that they ought rather to be proud of than worried about their freckles, because mankind always claim that the girl who freckled was loveable. The very best thing to use for your face during the summer weather is the cosmetic which was known before the days of Cleopatra. It is called virginal milk and is made in this way: "To a quart of rosewater add, drop by drop, an ounce of tincture of benzoin and stir briskly constantly." When you want to use it throw enough in the hand-basin to make the water the color of skim milk, and then bathe your face thoroughly with it, dabbing it dry with a soft towel. Now, don't do as many a donkey has and go and get benzine. It's tincture of benzoin that you want; and just remember, especially during the summer that your face is not made of buckram, but is a tender skin and should be wiped after its bath with a soft, rather than a harsh, towel. If the men of the family, who are so rough-skinned that beards grow on them like weeds in a flower garden, like these broom-like cloths, let them have the exclusive use of them. If your skin is harsh and dry try using a wineglassful of glycerine in a warm bath. According to a noted beauty, a few baths of this sort ought to make the skin soft and white.

Way back in the time of the Stuarts, and indeed, in the oldest toilet books, there is mentioned a bath that will give tone to the skin and keep it in perfect condition. It is very simple, consisting of merely tepid water in which has been put a pint of pure vinegar. The ladies of the olden times did not disdain to have their books of cosmetics, and each generation of lovely women wrote in the family book about that which had tended to make her most beautiful, so that the coming beauties could read, learn, and inwardly digest. It is said Cleopatra herself wrote a book on the arts of the toilet, and I have been frivolous enough to think that Sphinx knows where that book is hidden and won't tell.—*Philadelphia Times.*

She Got It.

The were sitting on the piazza that faced the sea, watching the white-sailed yachts as they crossed the moon's track, when he suddenly said:

"I think it must delightful sailing on such a lovely night."

"Oh! lovely, I should think."

"I wish I owned one for your sake. I would take you sailing every night"

"That would be just lovely!"

"What kind of a yacht would you prefer—a steam yacht or a sailing one?"

"I think," she murmured, as she glanced around, "I think I would like a little smack."

She got it.—*Boston Courier.*

A Brief Interruption.

They were seated in the parlor, and he was declaring his love in fervent tones. All at once she stopped him with an imperious gesture, and a look of pain overspread her countenance.

"Wait! wait!" she exclaimed in short, sharp tones.

In a moment the sneeze came, and Heloise, looking up into his face, said: "As you were saying, George?—*Judge.*

A Questionable Success.

Angelina—"And now that you have visited her school, Edwin, what is your decision regarding Madame Francais for our children? As to discipline, does she give that proper attention?"

Edwin—"Indeed, she does, my dear. I was there the whole morning, and madame seemed to devote the entire time to preserving order."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Desirable Forfeit.

"Will you eat a philopœna with me, Miss Emily?" "What if I lose?" "Then I win a kiss." "And if I win?" "Then I have to kiss you."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

A FOOLISH IDEA.

Are You in the Habit of Getting Up Early?

All this talk about early rising is moonshine. The habit of turning out of bed in he middle of the night suits some people; let them enjoy it. But it is only folly to lay down a general rule upon the subject.

Some men are fit for nothing all day after they have risen early every morning. Their energies are deadened, their imaginations are heavy, their spirits are depressed.

It is said you can work so well in the morning. Some people can, but others can work best at night; others, again, in the afternoon. Long trial and experiment from the only conclusive tests upon these points.

As for getting up early because Professor All-Gammon has written letters to the papers proving the necessity of it, let no one be goose enough to do it.

We all know the model man aged eighty: "I invariably arise at five; I work three hours, take a light breakfast—namely, a cracker and a pinch of salt; work five hours more; never smoke, never drink anything but barley water, eat no dinner, and go to bed at six in the evening."

If anybody finds that donkeyfied sort of life suits him, by all means let him continue it. But few people would care to live to eighty on these terms. If a man cannot get all withered and crumpled up on easier conditions than those, it is almost as well that he should depart before he is a nuisance to himself and a bore to everybody else.

School-boys, and young people generally, ought to get up early, for it is found that nine-tenths of them can stand it, and it does them good.

But let no one torture himself with the thought that he could have been twice as good a man as he is if he had risen every morning at daylight. The habit would kill half of us in less than five years.—*Medical Classics.*

THE ART OF DYING.

Dr. Hal. C. Wyman Gives Some Interesting Facts Based on Experience.

"The death agony is very rarely attended by pain," said Dr. Hal. C. Wyman yesterday. "The system is always prepared for death by a weakening of the vital forces, by the circulation of impure blood through the brain, and by the obtunding of the nerves.

"Of course some people have more pain than others, but this is largely determined by temperament. A nervous man suffers more pain than a man who has enjoyed robust health, because the nervous man's sensibilities are stronger.

"But the pain of death is more in the anticipation of it than in the reality. The instinct for life is stronger in man, and the majority of men are loth to relinquish life. Men of education face death with greater fortitude than men who are not educated. Philosophy has a great deal to do with the art of dying. The Christian religion, too, has been a great comfort to the human race in preparing the way for death, and in giving hope of a life hereafter, amounting in some cases almost to a realization of a better country beyond the line of time.

"Women are almost always more plucky than men. They endure pain much better. Have you ever observed how irritable a man is who is suffering from toothache or neuralgia? A woman will often suffer without a murmur. All other things being equal, a woman will face death with more calmness and fortitude than a man, which may be partly accounted for from the fact that the instinct for life is stronger in a man, and his habits and surroundings have trained him not to give in so easily.—*Detroit News.*

"DID 'OO KILL IT?"

Ludicrous Incident During Service at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Every seat in the Brooklyn Tabernacle was occupied last Sunday morning. The famous clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting sermon and the 10,000 eyes of the congregation were riveted in interested expectancy upon the expressive face and gesticulative figure of the noted divine. The stillness of death except for the exhortations of the pulpit orator pervaded the huge edifice. Down in the center of the church, almost crowded out of sight by her older neighbors, a black-eyed little tot of four years nestled close to her mother's skirts.

The hairless pate of an aged worshiper loomed up directly before the bright eyes of the little miss. A common house fly circled around the child and finally alighted on the top of the old gentleman's head.

It stood motionless for a second and then moved softly over the smooth and shiny surface. The aged gentlemen was deeply engrossed in Dr. Talmage's sermon, and, for a while, evinced no uneasiness from the ticklish manners of the little insect.

All the while the child's eyes followed the movements of the fly. She was deeply interested and looked around to see if somebody else wasn't enjoying the scene. Suddenly the old gentleman's arm slowly and with a powerful sweep descended upon the fly, and by the obtunding of the nerves.

"Did 'oo kill it?"—*New York Press.*

When You Are Traveling.

Take my advice and do not wear your corset on the trip. Wear a trim-fitting dress without one, if you can, or a belted blouse effect, the belt lined with this new "belt-stiffening," which remains so trim and neat, and yet does not press upon the chest with that gnawing sensation that the corset does after a long time of sitting. Wear a loose, comfortable, pair of shoes. Keep an extra handkerchief, collar or ruche and little face-veil and a pair of dress gloves to adjust at the last station, before meeting your friends—or lover. Do not remain motionless and melting, however, in one position in your stuffy chair till then. About twice repair to the large, light toilette room, and bathe the face, ears and fingers in some soft balm or cream. (Do not touch soap or water.) Powder plentifully. That keeps the smoky dust from getting at the skin, and the whole can be taken off together by cream. (Do not wash off powder ever.) Let your hair down and comb it. Shake yourself out well, and use the whisk-broom thoroughly. However silly it may seem, there are ways and ways of sitting among your clothes, so as to keep them nice or make them mashed and nasty. With care in these small ways, you will remain refreshed and bright, be prepared for little pleasantnesses, and look just as if you stepped out of a bandbox to your friends when you stop.—*New York Star.*

Caught on in Time.

Judge (to prisoner upon whom he is about to pass sentence)—"Do you ever think of your mother, sir?"

Prisoner (much affected)—"Ye-es, your honor, but she's dead."

Judge (sympathetically)—"I did not intend to hurt your feelings. I hope you will pardon me."

Prisoner (brightening)—"Don't mention it, your honor. I hope you will pardon me."

Judge (catching his drift)—"Don't mention it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Safeguards for Reservoirs.

In regard to the proper construction of reservoirs it may be remarked that earth embankments if properly constructed are not altogether the least reliable, as a dam built altogether of masonry has the great danger of settlements, which cause cracks and may lead to the failure of the whole structure. One point cannot be insisted upon too strongly. It is, that no dam can be considered safe or sufficient unless the reservoir can be filled without apprehension until the bye-washes come into play.

A Delicate Hint.

Edith—"Let's see—how many sisters have you got, Fred?"

Fred—"Three."

Edith—"Well, from the way you have been talking to-night, I thought I had better warn you that four is an unlucky number."—*Burlington Free Press.*

THEY DO GET LEFT.

I LIKE to meet a lover, full
of faith in womankind;
I like to hear him praise
the girl he loves,
though he is blind;
I like to note his ardor
and his fine contempt
for fate;
I like his cheery manners
and his spirits all
elate;
I like to hear his happy
voice poured out in
stirring song,
As blithe and full of sunshine as the days that
trip along;

I wouldn't have him, for the world, of all these charms bereft,
But I notice that the lover oftentimes gets left

I like the budding maiden, who believes her been a saint,
And who, when he is charged with being bad, declares "He aint!"
I like her gentle gullelessness, her innocence, her grace;
I like her dainty manners and I like her pretty face;
I like her tenderness of heart; the tears that lie beneath
Her fringed and drooping eyelids; I like her raven wreath
Of heavy, massive, plaited hair—its part just like a cleft—
But I notice that the maiden oftentimes gets left.

I like to think there is a way of straightening matters out;
That right will triumph in the end and wrong be put to rout;
I like to think that honor is a staple everywhere;
I like to think that providence rewards the man who's square;
I like to think that there is some one "keeping tab" above
On men and women everywhere, especially those in love;
And if they're good and true they'll win—but I must say the "left"
Of evidence all goes to show that often folks get left. —*Chicago Mail.*

REMORSE.

The Nature of the Average Article—Abou Ben Adhem Answers A Sad Looking Man's Conundrum.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

ABOU ben Adhem, in an unpleasant frame of mind one morning, was approached by a long-nosed, sad looking man, who propounded to him the query: "What is remorse?"

To which Abou replied, "The humiliating sense of an abject failure."

"What!" exclaimed the seeker after truth; "is there no such thing as sorrow and regret for wrong-doing?"

Frequently, my aged infant, frequently. There are minds so susceptible to proper impressions, so spiritualized, if I may use the expression, as to feel a pang or two after they have done a wrong thing, but they are not common.

Listen to my own experience. A great many years ago, in Persia, I made the acquaintance of a party of men who met frequently to indulge in a game played with cards, which, I presume, you know nothing of here, called, in Persia, drah-poquir. It is a curious game. The cards are dealt one at a time, till each has five—then those who have taken, put on the center of the table a coin, such as you have determined upon—say a kopeck; then they are allowed to throw up as many cards as they choose, taking from the pack an equal number; then the man who sits next to the dealer on the right remarks: "I am the aged one, impoverish me," and the betting begins. It is a curious game, and a fluctuating—each player being kept in a pleasant state of uncertainty as to what the others have, till they come to what they call a "show-down."

Well, I learned this game, and played it with unvarying success for some days, winning, on an average, four or five dirhems at a sitting. As I gathered in my spoils I saw nothing wrong in the game. It seemed to me a most desirable and, in all respects, a gentlemanly game.

"I am sorry," I said to myself, "for Hafiz, the bellows-mender, and for Nadir, the seller of shawls, but Allah knows I risk my substance on the cards as do they, and had they my luck they would have my money. Be chesin, it is a highly moral game, and had I an hundred children I would teach it them. What is their wrong in it? It is my money I risk; it is their money which they risk. Their is no trickery or cheating in this game, for the cards are fairly dealt, and we make wagers on our judgment, or our luck. So does the merchant who buys the wheat of Khuristan, believing that the crop will be short, and that it will go up. So does the merchant who sells the corn of Kohmul, believing that the crop will be heavy and the price will go down. What is this but gambling? If they play with wheat and corn, why should not Hafiz and I play with cards? And then it strengthens the mind—it develops the judgment, quickens the perceptive powers, and broadens, widens and strengthens the mental man. It is a noble game, and a great pursuit."

Thus reasoned I, joyously.

I had no remorse, nor did it occur to me that it was gambling.

But one night it so happened that I had a certainty on Hafiz. I had three cards alike in my hand—that is to say, three aces and when the cards were helped, as the phrase is, I took another. Hafiz drew one card to the four that he held; and the betting began. Now four aces is a strong hand, there being but one that can beat it, namely, a strate-phush. I wagered a kopeck to help Hafiz on to his ruin. How I gloated over those four aces! I saw nothing wrong in those four aces, nor in making out of Hafiz, the bellows-mender, all that he should make by his trade for a year. He saw my modest kopeck and said he would wager a dirhem in addition. Exulting in the strength of my four aces, I gladly put up the dirhem, and remarked that such was my faith in my hand, that I would lose seven dirhems to the rest of ten dirhems more. Hafiz, on whose head light curses, saw the ten dirhems and boosted me (boosted is a Persian phrase) one hundred dirhems. I made sure that the four aces was not an optical delusion, and went him one thousand dirhems, which, feeling that it would be cruel to utterly ruin him, I called without further gymnastics.

Smiling, I laid down my four aces and reached for the property. Smilingly he put away my outstretched and eager hand, and laid down beside my four aces his accursed hand, which was a strate-phush.

"The property is mine!" said he.

"It is!" said I.

Then I experienced a feeling of remorse. Then I felt that drah-poquir was gambling, and that gambling in any form was a sin of the most heinous nature, and that I had been guilty of a crime.

"Oh why," I exclaimed, "did I ever permit myself to become infatuated with the desire for gaming! If I win, it is my neighbor's dirhems—if I lose it is my own. In any case, there is nothing of actual value that passes. While we use capital in gambling we produce nothing. One side is richer—the other poorer, and there has been a waste of precious time. Besides it is terribly demoralizing. It infatuates a man and enfeebles his mind. His mind dwells on the game to the exclusion of everything that is good—it crushes out everything that is high and noble, and develops everything that is mean and small in one's nature. It ruins the loser financially, and ruins the winner morally. Wretch that I am, why did I ever permit myself to play at all? Why did I permit this cursed infatuation to grip me?

And Remorse sat on me, and I beat my breast and pulled my hair. Bewailing my wickedness, I determined to purge myself of the unholy thing.

Would I have had so thought and so done had I held the strate-phlush, and the accursed bellows-mender the four aces? I do not know.

Once more. In my youth I drank deep of pleasure. The wines of Shiraz were not too good for me, and the strong waters of the Frank I indulged in to a degree that was astonishing. I had a constitution of iron, and the endurance of an army mule. I could drink all night and disport myself all day. There seemed to be no limit to it. Moralists said it was wicked, but I laughed. What cared I for the moralists? Go to—I said, life is short and it behooves me to get the most out of it. A fig for your preachers and your preaching. Wine is good—I will drink it. The black-eyed woman pleased me—I will enjoy her society. The rattle of dice is music to mine ear—they shall rattle. Pleasure I wanted. Pleasure I enjoyed, and I went for it in every possible form. The moments flew by rapidly, each one bringing with it fresh delight—the days sped by, each one crowned with a new pleasure.

But finally it came to an end. My stomach gave out and dyspepsia set in. I could drink no more of the rich wines, or the strong waters. Women pleased me not. The rattle of the dice was no longer a pleasure, for I was, to use a Persian phrase, played out. My system gave out all at once. I had hunted pleasure, and pleasure was now hunting me. I lived out my vitality, but time remained.

Then I experienced what is called remorse. With dyspepsia gnawing at my stomach; with my knees weakened and my back of no account whatever—incapable of what had delighted me, and diseased in every part, I was sorry I had lived the life I had lived. Not because the Koran instructed it—and because the live had been of itself wrong, but because certain pains and penalties followed the life which gave me more woe than the life had given me pleasure. So long as my health lasted I cared nothing for the violation of the precepts—it was only when the penalties were enforced that I felt a sorrow for what I had done.

There are men—and women—who do, I presume, experience a genuine remorse for the commission of wrongs, great and small, but, as I said, the number is few. It is the penalties that hurt them. Solomon, of whom you have probably heard, did not say "vanity of vanities," so long as he was in good health and could sin with some zest. It was only after he was old and incapable that Remorse struck him. Precisely so it is with the most of us. When the candle of enjoyment is all burned out, and the dark, black snuff alone remains, we look at it with regret and remorse. Possibly it may be grief at the sin, but, as a rule, methinks, it is grief because we cannot do it over again, or because, now that we have the penalties to pay, that it did not pay to do it at all.

"But—"

"Don't say another word. You have got all out of me that is necessary for you to know. In fact, as I have spoken, you have got all that there is in the topic. Leave me.

And the sage went wearily in to his breakfast.

TRIED TO DESERT,

But Gained Promotion in the Rebel Army Instead.

A Southern brigadier was heard to tell a good story of how he came to be a rebel commander. Said he: "I am an Englishman bred and born, and when the war broke out I didn't care a straw on which side I fought, though I fancied I wanted to be in the midst of the fighting. Finally I got in with a lot of Southerners, and was elected captain of a company, but I soon saw I was not wrong at all if I wanted to get on. At least so I thought, and I made up my mind to desert at the first opportunity. The opportunity came at Fredericksburg, when my company was likely to be useful. A federal battery was tearing down the road toward us when Stonewall Jackson rode up to me, and said: 'Captain, keep your eye on those guns. The moment they are unlimbered, charge them with all your might.' Here was the opportunity I had been looking for. I at once determined to charge the battery, and stay within the Union lines when once I got there. The moment came, and I led the charge, but trying all the time to let the Yanks see I didn't want to hurt them, when to my surprise, the entire battery took to their heels, and, try my level best, I could not catch up with them. I came back utterly crestfallen, but 'Stonewall' seized me by the hand, and declared that I was a major from that moment. I had intended to desert, and had earned promotion. I never tried it again."

Nice Perfumes.

Ladies of refinement are extremely fastidious in the matter of perfumes. Happily for sensitives noses, musk, cologne and liquid scents generally have gone out of use, after the pomades and strong-smelling soaps that used to delight the vulgar. Since fashion now demand that handkerchiefs shall be delicately scented with perfumed powder only, hand kerchiefs cases have come to be necessities. Of these the newest kind is crocheted with knitted silk in a loose diamond-chain-stitch, fashioned over satin of the same shade. The satin is cut into book-form and lined with thin silk of a contrasting shade, and the edge finished with lace. There is a fad nowadays for having all linen perfumed slightly with lavender, as our grandmothers did. The sweet stuff is put into little bags of cambric or silk, and placed between the sheets and table cloths, as well as in the drawers where underwear is kept. Some women prefer rose or violet perfume, and copying Mrs. Potter, the actress, who set the fashion, they make long mats of thin silk or cotton, fitted to the size of a drawer or trunk-tray, sprinkle them well with satchet-powder, cover with another piece of the silk and "tuft" it with embroidery silk. Sometimes these bags are made of cheese-cloth, which are less costly and answer the purpose equally well. They retain their perfune for a year or more, and if kept in the bottom of a trunk or drawer will perfume the entire contents—a great saving, by the way, on the old-fashioned method of keeping one's belongings perfumed with liquids.

Neal Dow's Erudite Daughter.

Very few people know that Gen. Dow has an invalid daughter in Nashua, N. H., who is even more of a wonder than the old man himself. She has not been able to move from her chair for years, but she has been a indefatigable student, and has mastered the French, German, Spanish, Russian, and Greek languages. She recently performed the feat of repeating a long passage from her Greek Testament, verbatim, from memory, a month after she had read it.

A Very Practical Young Man.

She—And you will always love me? All the livelong day?

He—Y-es, I guess so. You'll give me a chance to stop for meals, I suppose?—*Terre Haute Express.*

Ask the Doctor.

A little girl who had the scarlet fever was told that the disease would have to peel off. "But, if I peel off," she said, "what will hold me together?"

A Little Too Strong.

Mr. Oldboy—"Miss Laubury, do you love me?"

Miss Laubury (with emphasis)—"Love you? I venerate you!"

Too Careless Altogether.

Mistress—Have you that ribbon for my hair?

Maid—Yes, mum, but——

"But what?"

"Now I've mislaid the hair."—*Boston Courier.*

Rehearsing for Charades.

Freddy—"Now, Charlie, you must propose to Angeline (in her sixth season), and, Angie, you must refuse him. It shall be 'Paradise Lost.'> See?" Charles (thoughtlessly)—"They'll never guess it in the world."—*Life.*

A Chicago Quarrel.

Lawyer Quibble—You, a doctor? Why you couldn't cure a ham!

Dr. Sawbones—And you, sir; you couldn't try a case of lard!—*Puck.*

CHILDREN'S ROUND TABLE.

Unconscious Wit and Wisdom of Our Troublesome Comforts.

ONE OF MANY WAYS.

I am a piano-tuner, and some years ago I called on certain customers once every three months. On calling at a house in Delaware, O., no one answered the front bell; on going around to the back door I knocked and entered the kitchen. There I found a little tot about five years old, who told me "Mamma would be back right away." She had a little playmate with her, of about her own age, and they had all the chairs placed in a row, three of them covered with an old shawl, and on the first one they had placed the tea-kettle. They were playing "cars," and the first chair was the locomotive. Seeing no other chair in the room I sat down on the last chair of this train. They at once stopped running around the train and crying choo! choo! choo! They held a whispered consultation, then one little tot came to me, saying: "Are you doing to yide on our yailyode?" I said, "Yes, my child." They ran around again crying choo! choo! Then another consultation. The little one comes to me and says: "Where are you doin' to det off?" I answered at random, Cincinnati. They again ran around once, then the little tot came to me and said: "This is the place!" I had to get off. They got rid of me in a lady-like manner.—*N. Y. World.*

FINANCIAL MYSTERIES.

"You see," said the small kid, "that's how it was. I've got plenty of money. Papa gave me $4. I've got $4."

"Where are they?"

"Papa gave me a dollar on Monday, and mamma borrowed it to pay for vegetables; and then papa gave me another dollar on Tuesday, and mamma borrowed it to buy candy, when we were down town; and papa gave me another dollar on Wednesday, and mamma borrowed that to pay something; and I've got this dollar, and I guess mamma will borrow that, too. But I've got $4, anyway. You see, when mamma sends me to buy candy, I always make her give me a big dollar. It's ever so much cheaper to buy candy that way, 'cos when I go to buy candy with half a dollar, they don't give me anything back; but when I give her a big dollar they give me half a dollar back, and I save half a dollar that way. Don't you see?—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

TOMMY'S SCHOOL "STANDING."

Visitor — Well, Tommy, how are you getting on at school?

Tommy (aged eight)—First rate. I ain't doing as well as some of the other boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the fence. I want to do it without being near the fence at all, and I guess I can after awhile.—*Yankee Blade.*

TOO MUCH CONFUSION.

Little Girl (who is traveling with her mother on the sleeping car)—I guess I won't have to say my prayers to-night, mamma.

Mother—Certainly; why not, Flossie?

Little Girl—Why, in all this noise, mamma, God couldn't hear a word I said.—*Utica Observer.*

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

There comes to us a tale illustrating the sanguinary disposition of Young America. A prominent official at a political center gave a dinner to some visiting constituents. One couple brought their three-year-old boy with them. He was sent up to the nursery to keep the host's young

Recent Literature.

WHAT AUTHORS HAVE BEEN DOING.

Between the Lines—Uncle Peter's Trust—A Book of Stories—The Art of Selling—Pamphlet Novels—July Magazines—Literary Notes.

"Between the Lines" is a story of the war from the well-known and facile pen of Captain Charles King, U. S. A., author of "A War Time Wooing," and numerous other books of a similar character which are always read with pleasure. The story opens at a Virginia homestead with a description of the heroine, and introduces another of the principal characters, and a third, the brother of the young girl just mentioned. It is a stirring tale and will find many readers to follow the stirring march of events through the pages. The book is handsomely illustrated, and is from the publishing house of Harper & Brothers, New York.

From the same house comes a book for young people entitled "Uncle Peter's Trust" by George B. Perry. The scene of the story is laid upon the coast of England at a part that is peculiarly dangerous. It opens with a watching group of seamen, a storm and danger for vessels, foretold by Aunt Phillis, an important and interesting character. The hero of the story is a boy named Joe, the adopted son of Uncle Peter, who saved him from a wreck. The book is a fascinating one for old and young alike.

From T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, comes a book of stories by several different writers, such as Charles Gibbon, George Manville Fenn, Clive Phillipps Wolley, Helen Shipton and Katharine S. Macquoid. The following is a list of the stories: "Paying the Penalty;" "In Marine Armor;" "My Soldier Keeper;" "Golden Feather;" "Saved by the Skin of His Teeth;" and "Gone." It makes good summer reading.

D. Appleton & Co. New York, in the Gainsborough Series issue in pamphlet form, "Derrick Vaughan-Novelist," by Edna Lyall, author of "We Two," etc., and "Thoth," a romance by "A Dreamer of Dreams," the latter a book which has attracted considerable attention.

Another novel in pamphlet form is "The Pretty Stenographer," which bears also the secondary title of "The State of Arboria under Prohibition and Female Suffrage." The author is Horace Gayman, and it comes from the press of J. J. Little & Co., Astor Place, New York.

"The Art of Selling," by F. B. Goddard, is a most useful little manual for the class of people for whom it is especially written.

The author lets the reader into the secrets of the accomplished and successful salesman, illustrates his tact and finesse, and tells how he masters men. But beyond this, the work embraces much information which will be instructive and useful to all classes of business men, discusses fully the characteristic methods of conducting business to-day, and makes an interesting application of the principles of character applying to the work of business negotiations. Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

Another pamphlet from Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and in the Rialto series, is "My Uncle Barbasson," further described as "The History of His Turkish Harem Bequeathed to His Nephew in Paris, and Duly Chronicled by the Latter." The author is Mario Uchard, and it is translated from the French by A. D. Hall.

Alden's manifold Cyclopedia is coming rapidly from the press. Vol. XIV extends from "Exclude" to "Floyd," and em races Excommunicate, three pages; Exodus, two pages; Extreme Unction, one page; Eye, twenty pages; Factory, two pages; Factory acts, five pages; Faith and Faith Cure, each over one page; Fallacy, over three pages; Falling Bodies, three pages; Faraday, two pages; Fashion, over nine pages; Fast, eight pages; Federal government, over one page; Fertilizers, one page; Festivals, six pages; Feudal system, over four pages; Fir, five pages; Firearms, six pages; Fishery, seven pages; Fishes, over two pages; Fishes, eight pages; Flax, about six pages; Flint implements, over two pages; Florence, five pages; Floriculture, two pages; Florida, six pages; Flowers, over four pages. The fourteen volumes now out are furnished, bound, for $6 80. Each volume has over 600 pages. The work is a pronouncing dictionary, as well as an encyclopedia. John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, New York.

The bound volume of the issues of the White Cross Library for the last year, under the title of "Your Forces and How to Use Them," by Prentice Mulford, is at hand, making the third volume since its beginning. Some of the titles of the twelve essays included therein are "The Practical Use of Reverse," "Your Two Memories," "Self Teaching," "How to Push Your Business," "The Uses of Sickness," "What Are Our Relations," "The Use of a Room," "Man and Wife," and others. Those who are familiar with Mr. Mulford's peculiar charm in writing of the spiritual, or spiritual forces of the individual, do not need to be told that this little volume contains a largess of riches in the way of helpful thought, and that it will bear reading again and yet again. It is a good book to have lying upon the library table for chance reading. Published by F. J. Needham, 52 West Fourteenth street, New York City.

Literary Notes.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, sits as a justice of the peace in Dorsetshire.

Max O'Rell comes again to this country next year. He will begin his lecturing in Boston.

Over 200,000 copies of Daudet's "Tartarin Sur les Alpes" have been sold in France.

"Eric," Mr. Rider Haggard's Icelandic romance, will not be published for two years to come.

Mrs. Deland's "John Ward, Preacher," is in its forty-seventh thousand.

"Maud Howe's" portrait makes a charming frontis-piece for the July *Book Buyer*, in which there is a review of Mrs. Eliot's literary career.

"Signs of Promise," a volume of sermons by Dr. Lyman Abbott, is announced by Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

A new serial by William Black, called "Prince Fortunatus," begins at once in *Harper's Bazar*.

Mrs. S. J. Higginson, author of "A Princess of Java," which was published two years ago, is writing a book on Java for the Riverside Library for Young People.

Capt. R. B. Forbes, of Boston, now in his eighty-fifth year, is compiling a record of memorable shipwrecks of the last half century, which he proposes to publish.

"Sweetbriar" is the title of a story of girl life in fashionable society, by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, which D. Lothrop Co. have nearly ready for issue.

Robert Browning has an income from his books and literary work of $5,000 a year. This is the most unintelligible thing in Browning to other poets.

A Japanese romance entitled "The Moon Shining Through a Cloud Rent on a Rainy Night" has been translated into English and German. It is by a writer by the name of Bakin, and his style is said to be suggestive of Rider Haggard.

The "Life of Coleridge," upon which the poet's grandson, Mr. Ernest Coleridge, has long been engaged, now approaches completion. There is a reference to it in Prof. Knight's new life of Wordsworth, and like that work, the volume on Coleridge will contain much fresh literary material.

Gov. Ames, by authority of the state legislature, has appointed Col. Higginson to write the history of Massachusetts soldiers and sailors in the civil war. The colonel may take five years to complete the work.

Susan Warner, whose novel "The Wide, Wide World" was the most popular American novel of its day, lies buried in the military cemetery, close by the Cadets' Monument, West Point. The grave is kept ablaom by the sister of the authoress, Anna B. Warner, herself a writer.

Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler, who is with her husband in London, intends to take apartments in Paris and enter the art school of Cola Rossi and study. At present she is writing a book about the children employed in mills. She may stay abroad for several years.

Truth of London says of Motley that he "was a truly charming person and the best of good company." Dickens liked him much and declared that he and Sir Hamilton Seymour "were the only two diplomatists he ever met with who were entirely above humbug."

THE COUNTRY IS NOT GOING TO THE DEVIL.

A Sensible Speech by Charles Emory Smith on the Alleged Degeneracy of the Times.

At the Union college commencement the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, delivered an address as honorary chancellor of the college to the graduating class. His subject was "Our Times Not Degenerate," and his remarks were in striking contrast with some recent orations and sermons on the same general theme. Part of Mr. Smith's address was as follows:

It is your good fortune to begin your career in the golden age of our history. I know we have been told that we live in degenerate times. I know that dark contrasts have been drawn between the lofty patriotism and public spirit of the earlier epoch and the assumed profligacy and demoralization of our own period. But I do not sympathize with the wail of the pessimist, and do not accept the unfavorable comparison of the present with the past.

The spirit which exalts the heroic age of the republic and holds it up for our example and admiration is altogether right; but when it elevates the stros by decrying the sons, and when it glorifies the past by bewailing the present, it is time for a protest. If you tell me of the lofty virtures and illustrious deeds of the early days, I answer: "Yes; but look around and you will find their match in our own times." If you tell me of the wrongs and evils and abuses of the present, I answer: "Yes; but search the records, and you will find them blended even with Revolutionary glories." You shall not exceed me in reverent homage for the great ones gone forever and ever; and let me summon you in turn not to believe that the age in which you live is worse than those that have gone before.

We often hear it said that ours is a selfish and speculative era, and that under the influence of its spirit of greed public virtue has decayed. But this is no new complaint. "Where is virtue?" wrote Henry Laurens, president of the Continental Congress, to Washington in 1778, two years after the Declaration of Independence, and in the very midst of the revolution; "where is patriotism, now, when almost every man has turned his thoughts and attention to gain and pleasures, practicing every artifice of changealley or Jonathan's?"—Jonathan being the name of a great resort of speculators. The revolution had its shadows as well as its splendors.

We are accustomed to the charge of corruption and fraud, and apt to think it belongs only to our own epoch. But it was as common in the first days of the republic as now. We depiore the violence of faction and the rancor of discussion which too frequently prevail; but though it is true that the waves of party passion, as we see them, often run high, they are the gentlenesses and the zephyrs compared with the furious storms of political contention and personal detraction which lashed the troubulous sea of the first 50 years of our national existence. We lament the unseemly scramble for place; but, though there is much to learn from our early history, it is still true that John Adams went on with his midnight appointments in the expiring hours of his term until Jefferson's representative, standing with watch in hand, called a halt, and that with the advent of Jackson the flood tide of place hunters was so great that the fences of the White House went down before it.

I fear that in my reflections on the past you may begin to think I started with the wrong question, and that instead of answering the inquiry, "Are we worse than our fathers?" I am transposing it and rather asking, "Were our fathers as bad as we are?" Let me not be misunderstood. I am not here to detirone any cherished idols or to dispel any pleasing illusions. I share the general reverence for the past, and do not detract from the grandeur and glory of the legacy it has transmitted to us—all the greater because of the difficulties under which it was achieved. It is the fashion to paint only the sunshine of the elder day; I have barely touched on some of the shadows. To recognize the spots is not to be blind to the splendor of the sun. My lesson is not with the exaltation of the earlier period but with the unjust disparagement of the later. In the comparison I deny the decay and demoralization of our times. Something of the halo that crowns and softens the mountain peaks of the past is the purple tint of distance; much of the seam and scar that shades the present is the effect of immediate contact and will disappear as it recedes in time. Faults and blemishes of by gone heroes are forgotten, and only their glories remain. The frailties and the follies of the living are seen face to face, and in their nearness cloud the virtues as the hand covers the sun.

This propensity to exalt the past is nothing new. Lord Macaulay found a tendency to glorify the age of the Stuarts over the age of Victoria. "It may at first seem strange," he said, "that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking back with tender regret. It is in some sense unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But in truth there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labor, and to save with a view to the future, and it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a too favorable estimate of the past."

Young gentlemen, you step out into a present which is in advance upon the past, and you look to a future which will excel the present. The world grows better as it grows older. The onward march of time is the march of both material and moral progress. The general level is constantly rising. If the Mount Washingtons do not seem to tower around us as when we look far behind it is because we are all up on the table land. We have a different perspective, and we have different conditions. Our fathers lived in the shadow and the solitude of the tallow dip and the stage coach; we live in the glare of an electric light which reveals every wrinkle. Our fathers lived in the day of small things, we live in the age of giant forces. It is true we suffer from evils which they could not know—evils which come with the growth of wealth and population and power, from speculative greed and corporate aggrandizement and ring rapacity; from the vices of great cities and the struggles of great conflicting interests. But it is equally true that the compensating gains far outweigh these evils. Never was education so broadly diffused; never was the right of independent judgment so freely exercised; never was the supreme control of political chief or the creed of party convention so toned and swayed by intelligent public opinion; never were the alert sentinels of public journalism so vigilant or impelled by such a high sense of responsibility; never did bigotry and passion, whether in church or state, exert so little influence; never did philanthropy and charity spread so far and wide the mantle of their sweetness and light.

You go forth in an age not only of higher impulse but of boundless opportunities. At the dawn of the republic, outside of the pulpit, the only open avenue for intellectual activity and genius was politics and public life. Even fifty years ago the field had scarcely broadened. The professions of law and medicine were still in their infancy. We had no literature or art or science. Journalism was nothing more than violent political pamphleteering. Even the commerce of Astor and Girard was simple barter and trade. There was no vast railroad system, with its marvelous scope for the genius of organization and command. There were no great constructions to call out the wonderful resources of modern engineering. There was no development of the subtle skill of occult and mighty forces which, under the inventive skill of applied science of our day, have astonished us with their achievements. There were none of the far-reaching project and colossal combinations which illustrate the penetration, the enterprise, the daring, and the grasp of our business spirit. We make our business a triumph of intellect, and coin our triumphs of intellect into the profit of business. We no longer limit genius to Grub street, and recognize that talent and education are capital as well as money.

You have a wide choice, not only for the pleasures of mind, but for the prizes of life, and if you start out upon the career for which you have been preparing, great possibilities beckon you onward.

Electric Torpedoes.

Last week another trial of the Sims-Edison electric torpedo was made before Captain Roessler and other officers of the regular army. Hitherto a speed of only about ten miles an hour was obtained. This was increased in the recent trial to 21 miles an hour.

Tennyson was always absent-minded and the progress of time brings him no relief in this respect. It is told of the poet that once when in full conversation with Robert Browning he said, apparently apropos *de lottes*, "I wonder how Browning's getting on?" "Why," exclaimed Robert, "I am Browning." "Nonsense!" replied Tennyson, with almost an attempt at roguish raillery: "I know the fellow well, so you can't tell me you are he."

SHE PUT HIM RIGHT.

Puck.

Mr. Oldhawk—Ah, my dear Miss Chick, how like sunshine is the presence of a charming girl! How it illuminates the home! Would that I possessed such a treasure.

Miss Chick—Oh, to be sure, Mr. Oldhawk! Don't you wish you had married when you were young, as papa did, and had a lovely daughter of your own?

CURRENT EVENTS.

There are 2,000 Icelanders in the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Turkish women eat rose leaves with butter to secure plumpness.

The Eiffel tower has cost, in one way or another, the lives of nearly 100 workmen.

Worth, the Paris milliner, was born an Englishman, and was intended for a printer.

The government pays to the railroads $20,000,000 annually for carrying the mails.

Pittsburg ships 18,000,000 tons of freight yearly, and claims to lead American cities.

It is estimated that 2,000 female clerks are now employed in the drug stores of the country.

John Randolph Tucker has abandoned politics to become professor of law in the Washington and Lee university, at Lexington, Va.

In 1888 the United States manufactured 15,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 400,000 pounds of snuff, 4,000,000,000 cigars, and 1,500,000,000 cigarettes.

The Denver university owns so much land in and around Denver, that her treasury will soon be filled with millions from the increase in land values.

A number of reindeer have been imported from Norway and turned out in a forest in the north of Scotland, in the hope that they may become acclimatized.

Whenever a friend of W. D. Howells marries, the novelist always sends as a wedding present a copy of "Their Wedding Journey" bound in white velvet.

An electric fire engine is a new invention. It can be started at full speed, is much lighter than the steam fire engine, and possesses various other advantages.

There are more paper mills, running more machines, in the United States than in any other country in the world. Germany has nearly as many, but no other country has half as many.

The bishop of Durham threw the park of his palace open to the general public on a recent Sunday afternoon, and permitted a military band to give a concert of sacred and secular music, chiefly secular.

A recent discussion about the height of trees in the forests of Victoria brings from the government botanist the statement that he had seen one 525 feet high. The chief inspector of forests measured a fallen one that was 485 feet long.

The tinfoil so commonly used to wrap Nauchatel cheese, chewing gum, various kinds of candy and all kinds of chewing tobacco, is said to be dangerous on account of the lead in it. Its use for wrapping articles of food has been forbidden in France.

The general movement to raise a $50,000 fund as a memorial of Prof. J. H. Fairchild, D. D., since 1866 Oberlin's president, and for 25 years previous to that a professor in the same institution, has so far resulted in pledges of $38,000.

John Crouse, who died in Syracuse, was famous throughout Central New York for his business enterprise. Yet, despite his desire to possess a large fortune, in his old age he gave $500,000 to erect a building for the women students of Syracuse university.

NEVER STOPS LAUGHING.

Peculiar and Frightful Result of a Paralytic Stroke.

Joseph Oscar Johnson was sent to Roff Home, at Macon, Ga., a few days ago, and his case is probably one of the most remarkable that ever went to that or any other hospital.

He is a paralytic, and one side is entirely useless. The stroke came on him some two months ago. He is a locomotive engineer, and was able to make a good living. He had seen a good deal of the world, and generally saw the bright side of it. It was in the town of Clinton, S. C., that the stroke came on him. He was on a run that carried him into that town. He was one day doing some work on the engine and talking to some one standing near.

At the moment he received the blow he was in the act of laughing, and, strange to say, the muscles and nerves of the face that are brought most into play in the act of laughing are the ones that are most affected, and over these he has no control whatever. He feels, of course, as if there is little left for him to live for, being utterly helpless. But he cannot think of it nor tell of his troubles, and the doubts and fears that torment him, without laughing.

He has a wife and five children, and when this affliction came upon him, he went to his father-in-law, who lives in Wilmington, N. C., and told him of his condition and of his inability to care further for his family, and telling him at the same time, that he did not wish to be a burden upon anyone, but would go somewhere and seek seclusion and calmly await the closing of what was henceforth to be a useless life. The recital of his parting with his wife was most pathetic and heartrending, yet with tears in his eyes and a heart full of agony he was forced to laugh as though he was telling the most ludicrous incident.

He has wandered from one country to another, and has frequently gone for several days without a morsel to eat. Recently he spent a night in the woods in a violent rain storm. His crippled leg refused to serve him longer, and he was compelled, without shelter, to take the violence of the storm. His thin clothing was wet to the skin, he suffered the pangs of hunger, and the recital of it made him shudder all over, yet he laughed all the while he was telling it. It was a most pitiful sight. He says he dares not go to church lest he be accused of making sport of the services and be requested to leave the church. And as for a funeral, it would be out of the question for him to attend one.

TO DRAW ON GLASS.

Manufacturer Reid Explains an Easy Process for Amateurs.

To write or draw on glass it is necessary to impart to the surface a certain degree of roughness.

This may be done by grinding or etching, but much more easily by applying some appropriate varnish. A good matt varnish is made by dissolving in 2 ounces of ether, 90 grms. of sandarac and 20 grms. mastic, and adding benzol, ½ oz. to 1½ oz., according to the fineness of the matt required. The varnish is applied to the cold plate. The glass may be heated after it is wet, to insure a firm and even grain. To render the glass again transparent, after writing upon it, apply with a brush a solution of sugar or gum acacia. Still better as a surface for writing or drawing is a varnish of sugar. Dissolve equal parts of white and brown sugar in water to a thin syrup, add alcohol, and apply to hot glass plates. The film dries very rapidly, and furnishes a surface on which it is perfectly easy to write with pen or pencil. The best ink to use is india ink, with a little sugar added. The drawing can be made permanent by using a lac or mastic varnish.—*Detroit News.*

Loss of English Fishermen.

No less than 300 fishermen lost their lives on the coasts of England and Wales last year. The fisherman is so heavily clad that once overboard there is small hope for him. He usually sinks like a stone.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ills.

THE CARPET TRADE.

The Factories Are Very Active Again—Condition of the Trade.

Last summer there was much distress in the carpet trade. Machinery was shut down and mills were closed. The available supply being thus diminished, the natural reaction has come. Stocks are exhausted and carpet machinery is again very active. Though the season is usually over on the 1st of May, and most of the mills close down a large proportion of their machinery for repairs, three-quarters of the machinery in Philadelphia, where there is the greatest concentration of carpet manufacturing, ran throughout May, filling previous orders. Some of the Philadelphia mills report stocks on hand of not more than a day's product, and even in the larger Massachusetts mills stocks have dwindled till a supply of 500 rolls seems almost excessive. Orders for the coming season have been coming in very freely, and carpet mills all over the country are running machinery, if not to its fullest extent, at least more generally than for many years.

Under these circumstances it is at least curious that last year's prices should have again been announced on Brussels, tapestries and ingrains alike. Some of the manufacturers have coupled with their price list the declaration that prices are likely to be raised at any time, but there is little likelihood of such an event from the present outlook. At the same time carpet wools are from ½c to 1c a pound higher than last year, the only exception, Kandahars, making up for their apparent decline in certain quarters by an increased proportion of sand. Carpet yarns have also advanced, No. 14s (largely used in ingrains) being quoted at 41c to-day against 40c a year ago, and No. 16s (largely used in Brussels) being quoted at 48c against 40c a year ago.

Last year was decidedly the reverse of profitable to the carpet mills, and the losses finally led to shutting down of 1888 seems about to be wiped out by the increased cost of material and the continued depression of the price of the product in 1889. It seem almost incredible that, with an advance in the raw material and an activity in the demand for carpets such as has not been known for years, prices should remain stationary.

The center of the depression is Philadelphia. That city turns out the cheapest carpets, both in grade and price, in the country, being a very large consumer of cow hair, the cheap substitute for wool. There is too much machinery for the ordinary demand for carpets, and competition, especially among these manufacturers of low-grade goods, is of the most desperate nature. Throughout the spring the Philadelphia manufacturers have been calling on the New England manufacturers to raise their prices, hoping thus to raise an umbrella under which they could work undisturbed. Though the New England products, in spite of their higher price, can compete in the open market with the Philadelphia carpets, the New England manufacturers are afraid to increase the width of the gap, as even superior quality is unable to overcome the attraction of marked cheapness in price.

The manufacturers of high and low grade carpettings are, therefore, in the condition of the two belligerent boys: "One is afraid and the other darsn't." When to this is added the desire to run as conservatively as possible in the event of a change of tariff on carpet wool or carpets or on both, the reasons why the carpet manufacturers have thus deliberately turned their backs on the profits held out to them become more evident.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

MY SHIPS THAT WENT TO SEA.

One after one they slipped the stocks,
And one by one they sailed,
Slow creaked the heavy tackle blocks,
And low the pennants trailed,
As out beyond the restless tide
Fast ebbing far to lee,
They drifted o'er the ocean wide
My ships that went to sea.

Adown the long horizon's rim,
I watched them as they passed,
Until within the distance dim,
They faded out at last;
As happy birds, that seek the skies
When from the cage set free,
So disappeared before mine eyes
My ships that went to sea.

And other ships have come and gone
Since my ships sailed away,
And many a year in dusk and dawn
And many a night and day,
Full oft the grass has shimmered green
And budded flower and tree,
But since that hour none e'er have seen
My ships that went to sea.

And yet, and yet, within my dreams
Shows every mast and rope,
And sweetly on my farewell gleams
The sunlight of my hope;
My slumbering fancies grope afar,
Through visions not to be;
I see them cross the harbor bar,
My ships that went to sea.

Ah, nevermore! Nay, nevermore!
Shall I such gladness feel,
Doubtless upon some storm-strewn shore
Lies every shattered keel;
Yet still, defying all that fate
Has brought or keeps for me,
Upon the moaning sands I wait
For all my ships at sea.
Ernest McGaffney in Pittsburg Dispatch.

COMMON MISTAKES.

To labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To eat as if you had only a minute to finish your meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or continue after it has been satisfied, merely to satisfy the taste.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better—as alcoholic stimulants—is good for the system, without regard to the after effects.

To take off your proper clothing out of season because you have become heated.

Very Comprehensive.

Omaha Pa—What does your college curriculum include?

Omaha Hope—The campus, the base ball ground and the rowing course.—*Omaha World.*

Chronometry.

An international congress of chronometry will be held in Paris, commencing on the 7th of September next.

Farmer John Landis, of Franconia township, Pa., hanged himself to an apple tree a few days ago because his son would not heed the parents' objection to the erection of an addition to the barn.

ST. JACOBS OIL
For Strains and Pains.
NEW AND STRONG FACTS.

Cane and Crutch. Canal Fulton, O., June 29, '85. Suffered with strained back for two months, walked with cane and crutch; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil; no return in 6 months.
JNO. BRANDENBERGER.

Strained Back. Amanda, Ohio, June, 1886. Suffered with strained back 2 weeks; pain very acute, used cane; used two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil which cured me, no pain in one year.
HENRY BALTHASER.

For 15 Years. Washington, Tex., June 26, '88. Had suffered off and on for fifteen years with strained back; no trouble with it now, two years ago was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. No return.
H. CARTWELL.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

WAKIN' THE YOUNGUNS.

(The old man, from the foot of the stairs at 5 o'clock in the morning.)

Bee-ull! Bee-ull! O, Bee-ull! My gracious,
Air you still sleepin'?
Th' hour-hand's creepin'
Nearder five.
(Wal' durned of this hyar ain't vexatious!)
Don't you hyar them cattle cailin',
An' th' old red steer a-bawlin'?
Come, look alive!
Git up! Git up!

Mar'ann! Mar'ann! (Jist hyar her snorin'!)
Mar'ann, it's behoovin'
Thet you be a-movin'!
—Brisk, I say!
Hyar the kitchen stove a-roarin'?
The kittle's a-spilin'
Ter git his se'f bilin',
It's comin' day.
Git up! Git up!

Jule'! O, Jule! Now whut is ailin'?
You want ter rest?
Wal' I'll be blest!
'Ill give down milk 'thon't you pailin'?
You mus' be goin' crazy;
Er, morelike, gettin' lazy!
Come, now, rouse!
Git up! Git up!

Jake, you lazy varmint! Jake! He-ey Jake!
What you layin' theer fur?
You know the stock's ter keer fur;
So, hop out!
(That boy is wusser'n a rock ter wake!)
Don't stop ter shiver;
But jist unkiver,
An' pop out!
Git up! Git up!

Younguns! Bee-ull! Jake! Mar'ann! Jule!
(Wal' durn my or'n'ry skin!
They've gone ter sleep agin,
Fur all my tellin'!)
See hyar, I hain't the time ter fool!
It's the las' warnin',
I'll give this mornin';
I'm done a yellin'!
Git up! Git up!

(Solus)
Wal', whut's the odds—an hour, more or less?
B'lieves it makes 'em stronger
To sleep a little longer
Thar in bed.
The time is comin' fast enough, I guess,
When I'll wish—an' wish 'ith weepin'—
They was back up yender sleepin'
Over-head,
Ter git up.
—*John Boss in Atlantic Constitution.*

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

Vegetables of All Kinds and the Origin They Claim—Information Condensed.

Lemons were used by the Romans to keep moths from their garments, and in the time of Pliny they were considered an excellent poison, according to the New York *Herald*. They are natives of Asia. Spinach is a Persian plant. Horse radish is a native of England. Melons were found originally in Asia. Filberts originally came from Greece. Quinces came originally from Corinth. The turnip is a native of Rome. The peach originally came from Persia. Sage is a native of the south of Europe. Sweet majoram is a native of Portugal. The bean is said to be a native of Egypt. Damsons originally came from Damascus. The nasturtium came originally from Peru. The pea is a native of the south of Europe. Ginger is a native of the East and West Indias.

Coriander seed came originally from the East. The cucumber was originally a tropical vegetable. The gooseberry is indigenous to Great Britain. Apricots are indigenous to the plains of America. Pears were originally brought from the East by the Romans. Capers originally grew wild in Greece and northern Africa. The wild rice is a native of Persia, the Caucasus and China. The clove is a native of the Malacca islands, as is also the nutmeg. Vinegar is derived from two French words, *vin aigre*, sour wine. Cherries were known in Asia as far back as the seventeenth century. Garlic came to us first from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean. Asparagus was originally a wild sea-coast plant, and is a native of Great Britain. Nectarine received its native name from nectar, the principal drink of the gods.

The tomato is a native of South America, and takes its name from a Portuguese word. Greengage is called after the Gage family, who first took it to England from a monastery in Paris. Parsley is said to have come from Egypt, and mythology tells us it was used to adorn the head of Hercules. Apples were originally brought from the East by the Romans. The crab tree is indigenous to Great Britain. It is a curious fact that while the names of our animals are of Saxon origin, Norman names are given to the flesh they yield. The onion was almost an object of worship with the Egyptians 2,000 years before the Christian era. It first came from India. The artichoke is a native of America, and so called from a place near Rome, where it was first cultivated in Europe. Before the middle of the seventeenth century tea was not used in England, and was entirely unknown to the Greeks. The word biscuit is French for "twice baked," because originally that was the mode of entirely depriving it of moisture.

Not the Will of God.

Rev. H. M. Eaton, writing to the Machias *Republican*, relates an indident that occurred in the early days of Maine Methodism, which illustrates how easy it is for a man to imagine that his own inclination is a manifestation of the Divine will. In the days of which Mr. Eaton writes, it was the custom for young ministers to consult their presiding elders before taking a wife. Once during a camp-meeting in eastern Maine, a young minister approached the presiding elder and said he wished to be married. "Whom do you propose to marry?" asked the elder. "Well," said the young man, "the Lord has made known to me very clearly that I should marry sister Mary Turner." "I know her well," said the elder, "she is a fine girl. I will see you again before the meeting closes." During the week four other young ministers consulted the presiding elders on the subject of marriage. Each of them gave the name of the young woman to whom he proposed to offer himself. They had all prayed over the matter a great deal, and each was certain that it was God's desire that he should marry the person named. Neither of the five young men knew that any one else had consulted the elder on that subject. On the last day of the camp-meeting, at noon, the elder called the five young ministers to his tent to receive his opinion. He said: "Now, brethren, it may be the will of God for you to marry, but it is not his will that five Methodist ministers should marry that little sister Mary Turner."

Irish Cakes.

There is a delicious old-fashioned sort of cake which still lingers in Ireland and, for anything I know, in other places as well, known to the initiated by the name or "Barm-brack." The woman from whom I got the recipe had been for many years cook in the house of an Irish priest; but whether he appreciated "Barm-bracks" as highly as certain of the laity have since, I never clearly ascertained.

Take one-half pound of butter, one-half pound of cooking sugar, one pound of currants, one and one-half pounds of flour, and about a quart of milk, also some sliced lemon and citron peel, a tablespoonful and a half of baking powder, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, and two teaspoonfuls of caraway seeds. Put the one and one half pounds of flour in a large bowl, break the butter into small pieces, and rub it into the flour till it is all quite fine; then put in all the other dry ingredients, mixing everything thoroughly well together, and, last of all, add the milk. Have a couple of medium sized cake tins ready buttered, and put the mixture into them; it should about half fill each of the tins. Bake the cakes for about an hour in a brisk oven, or for an hour and a half in a rather slower one; let your Barm-bracks get cold, and then enjoy them.

Inter Poculs.

One of our county officers is obliged to occasionally close his office to go to meals or to transact outside business. Not content with imposing the old chestnut, "back in a few minutes," on his door, he racked his brain to think of something that would be more classical and mean the same thing. Here is where he was imposed upon. Another official, distinguished more for his knowledge of Latin than for his bump of reverence, recommended that the county officer place on his door a sign which should read as follows: "Office hours, *inter poculs*," giving a translation entirely foreign to its actual meaning. The officer was delighted, and the legend remained on his door until a classical friend informed him that *inter poculs* meant "between drinks." It is needless to say that the sign was immediately removed, and the officer now avoids Latin scholars as he would the pestilence.—*Colusa (Cal.) Herold.*

Bobby Remembered Him.

"Come here, Bobby. Do you remember me?"

"Oh, yes; you're the uncle who came here and staid two months, and never offered to pay a cent for board. I've heard papa speak of you often.—*Harper's Bazar.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
If You Are Nervous,
and cannot sleep, try it.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

A SWEETENED DUTCHMAN.

BY A JOHNNIE, ROUND POND, ALA.

AFTER Sherman's army started on its famous "march to the sea," they passed my father-in-law's (Thomas Mitchell) place, about 10 miles southeast of Atlanta. He had made a good lot of home-made syrup, or sorghum, and had, as a precaution, hidden a barrel here and there, hoping that some of it might perhaps escape the federals. But, alas! it seemed that Sherman's boys had a sweet tooth, and to satisfy its demands every nook, corner and crevice was closely scrutinized to find the old man's syrup.

They soon unearthed two barrels from a lot of rubbish in an outhouse. The barrels were quickly rolled out and upended, and the head of one stove in. The eager crowd, which was constantly increasing, immediately plunged canteens, cups, pans, buckets, and everything else capable of holding the golden treacle, into the barrel, smearing themselves and others in that delicious indifference, known only to soldiers who have found a good thing and plenty of it.

Soon the crowd had swelled to such numbers that the seething mass around the open barrrel, in their struggles for a portion of the syrup, could get scarcely anything but a good smearing. Finally, a happy thought suggested itself to a Dutchman who was looking on, and that was, to open the other barrel. There being nothing handy with which to break open the head, the German mounted the barrel. The boys, encouraging him, said:

"Come down on it heavy, Dutchy!"

So, giving a tremendous jump, he came down on the head of that sorghum barrel with both feet, with the force of a pile-driver, and down he went, up to the armpits, in a slush of sweet liquid, cheered on by the loud shouts of laughter and the jeers of his comrades, who fished him out, and then went for what syrup remained in the barrel.

The Dutchman's corporosity was not dissimilar to that of the barrel itself, and the pounds he shed in the way of syrup to a convenient branch, as fast as his treacle-bedraggled garments would allow him, there to wash away the evidence of his discomfiture in sweet solitude.

CAPTURED THEIR HEARTS.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I noticed in THE BLADE of June 13, quite a lengthy letter from Dan Knight, on southern brides. I think he is very unjust. He must remember that one party can not have everything their own way. The blue-coats whipped and captured the boys in gray, while the southern girls captured the hearts of the boys in blue! I was sorry there were any old maids left in the north. Bless their hearts! I wish they all had husbands. I was a Louisiana girl, and I won the heart of an officer of the 33d Ills. Vols. I am sure he never had cause to regret his choice. It was "love at first sight" with both of us. I am sure the southern girls are just as good any day, as the northern girls. My husband was always proud of his achievement in securing a southern bride. Probably Mr. K could not find a southern girl that would accept him. I am sure my husband was never ashamed to show his face among his northern friends with his southern wife. He had been loyal and true to his country, and he was also loyal to his own heart.

I know there were many noble and true girls in the north, but I do not think they would want a husband unless they knew they possessed his affections, and you know the old saying, "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be, also." I know that many of the boys in blue found treasures in the sunny south. Had they returned home and married northern girls, they might have left the affections of their hearts in the south. So do not be so hard on the dear old boys. "All is fair in love and war." A great many of the southern men did the same thing—they went north and married Yankee girls, and left their southern sweethearts with

No one to love, none to caress,
Roaming alone through the world's wilderness.

Now, I hope none of the northern ladies will take offense at what I have written, for I know they were loyal and true. I, too, have always been true to the old flag. I am the mother of two sons and two daughters, and they, as well as myself, have great respect for the boys that wore the blue.—MRS. S. E. A., Denver, Col.

DIDN'T ASK THE PRICE.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—A short time after Sherman occupied Atlanta his men began to peruse the surrounding country, and they soon got on familiar terms with all the eatables in sight, not neglecting to give diligent search for what did not appear upon the surface; and so well were they up to the tricks of those who sought to conceal their edibles, that it was deemed lucky if you got off without furnishing a share of the luxuries that were held in esteem by the privates, such as yellow-legged chickens, butter, ham and eggs.

Among the many who were visited by these hungry veterans was Downsey Brown, who live out in the country a few miles, in a secluded neighborhood. Downsey was among the few in those parts who dared be a union man, and being a quiet, unobtrusive sort of a fellow, was not disturbed in his possessions, and withal he was noted for his quaint sayings and doings, being quite a character in his community.

Well, Downsey was not slighted when his neighborhood was called upon for its share in the general contribution imposed, to get up the aforesaid bill of fare. Soon afterwards Downsey visited one of his neighbors, and on being asked how he fared at the hands of the federals, said:

"God, they took every last chicken I had."

"Well, never mind," said his neighbor, by way of consolation, "never mind that, for everybody knows you are a good union man and they'll pay you for them."

"Pay hell," says Downsey, "they never even axed the price of 'em."—D. S. JONES, Round Pond, Ala.

"THOSE SOUTHERN BRIDES."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I noticed in the CAMP FIRE, June 13, a letter from Comrade Dan Knight entitled "Those Southern Brides." I think he has overlooked the question, or else tried to get a wife in Dixie and failed. The girls of the northern states deserve much honor and respect for their loyal principles. They cared for the aged ones; they did many good

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the READING public; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Dr. Livingstone.

J. S., Lansing, Mich.:—Dr. Livingstone was a Scotch lad of Scotch parents. At nine he became "piecer" in a cotton factory, and for many years was engaged in hard work as an operative. He offered himself to the London Missionary society, by whom he was ordained as a medical missionary in 1838. In the summer of that year he landed at Port Natal, in Southern Africa. Circumstances made him acquainted with the Rev. Robert Moffat, himself a distinguished missionary, whose daughter Livingstone married. For sixteen years Livingstone proved himself a faithful and zealous servant of the London Missionary society. The two most important results achieved by him in this period were the discovery of Lake Ngami, in 1849, and his crossing the entire continent of Southern Africa from the Zambesi to the Congo, and thence to Loando, the capital of Angola, which took him about of fifteen months. In September of the same year he left Loando on his return across the continent, reached Linyanti, the capital of the great Makololo tribe, and from thence proceeded along the banks of the Loambye to Sulimane, on the Indian Ocean, which he reached M y 20, 1856. In 1857 he published in England his "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa." Returning in 1858, he spent several years in further exploring the Zambesi, in ascending the Shire and Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa—the Maravi of the old maps. He started out in 1865 to discover the true source of the Nile river. He entered the interior and was not heard of for about a year. The communications received from him afterwards describe the discovery of the great water system of the Chambeze, in the elevated regions to the south of Tanganyika. When again nothing was heard of him for any definite time, Henry M. Stanley, of the New York *Herald*, pushed his way from Zanzibar to Ujiji, where in 1871 he found the traveler in great destitution. On parting with Stanley, Livingstone started on a fresh exploration of the river system of the Lualaba, convinced that it would turn out to be the head waters of the Nile. In May, 1873, however, he died at Ulala, beyond Lake Bemba. His body was brought home to England in April, 1874, and interred at Westminster.

Doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church.

R. H. L., Micaville, N. C.:—1. The Roman Catholic church recognizes the supremacy of the Pope or Bishop of Rome, and deems him the legitimate successor of St. Peter (Matt. xvi, 18.) The doctrinal system of this church is that while all belief must be "based on the word of God, written or unwritten," the church is the only authoritative judge of that rule of faith. It believes Christ to be consubstantial with the Father; gives high veneration to the Virgin Mary, who is believed to have been without sin. It views the fall in Adam as all men fell, so in Christ all men are restored; but all men are not justified and saved, but only those to whom the redemption is applied by means divinely prescribed. While some are given to God only, inferior religious homage is given to the Virgin Mary, and in a less degree to the saints. Litanies and prayers to the saints are appeals to them to intercede with God for us through Jesus Christ. Some stress is paid to the crucifix, as it recalls to our minds the sufferings of Christ for our redemption. The bowing of the head to a statue, or the burning of incense before the shrine is referred to the saint whose memory is honored. The forgiveness of sin it believes to God, who is offended; and Christ, as God-man, forgave sin, and authorized the apostles to impart forgiveness or to withhold it; and, in virtue of this authority, bishops and priests, as delegates of Christ, have the power of forgiveness. The fundamental differences between Protestants and Roman Catholics lie in the denial of the former of the claim of the Pope, as Bishop of Rome, to be the successor of St. Peter, and of the possession by him of any special authority; the denial of the power of any bishop or priest to forgive sin; the denial of the claim that the Roman Catholic church is the only authority in the interpretation of the Scriptures; and the denial that the church, through the Pope, is infallible in matters of doctrine.

2.—We publish "Rally 'Round the Flag" in "Old War Songs," in THE BLADE of May 2.

3.—Any editor will allow you to look at a newspaper directory, which contains a list of all Roman Catholic journals in the United States.

A "Perpetual Motion" Machine.

I. I. M., Farieville, N. Y., sends us a slip out from a newspaper describing a "perpetual motion" contrivance, and asks "what we think of it?" Well, we think it won't run; in point of fact, we know it. The clipping sent us says of the machine: "An endless chain of peculiar construction is passed over a shaft doubled automatically by means of a dog, or catch, in each link, which catches the link before it as it begins to descend from the shaft, causing the weight of the chain on that side to be much greater. As the bottom of the chain runs under a pulley, the catch drops and allows the chain to resume its lengthened shape, and it passes up to a wheel above. From this wheel the chain runs on a level to the shaft, when it begins to descend again." A moment's thought will convince any one that the result will be that the weight of the links will be equal on the two sides, and that the machine will come to rest as soon as the weight distributes itself. The principle of this machine is as old as the fifteenth century. The weight of the links going down can not lift more than an equal weight of links on the other side. We have had dozens of clippings concerning perpetual motion machines sent us by readers, all claiming success; but the laws on which the universe is founded must be nullified before a machine can be made to create power. We repeat, perpetual motion is an impossibility, and known to be such by every educated man.

The Clan-na-Gael—The Sphinx.

O. W. Elon, Ky.: 1.—The Clan-na-Gael is a secret society of Irishmen, having for its object a revolution in Ireland, and making the latter an independent nation. It believes in using dynamite to destroy public buildings, British vessels, etc., to compel England to acknowledge Ireland's independence. It is said that large sums of money were collected from the members, which was spent by three leaders of the Clan for their own purposes; that Dr. Cronin suspected them of misappropriation, and that Cronin was murdered to prevent his telling the facts. These allegations have yet to be proved, however. All this has been told in detail in "News of the Week" in the Weekly BLADE.

2.—The Great Sphinx at Ghizeh, Egypt, is hewn out of a solid rock, as the country in which it lies is nothing but rock and sand. It is 117 feet long by 50 feet high, and is covered with drifted sand up to the shoulders.

1.—The word "Christ" is from the Greek word *christos*, anointed. "Jesus Christ" thus means Jesus, the anointed one." We do not think John the Baptist was an Essenian, as this belonged to any of the sects of the Jews, nor did Jesus.

The "White Pilgrim" Again.

Since the reply to a question about this person in last week's BLADE we have received a number of letters from different persons (whom we thank for their kindness) containing the following facts, with which we close the subject:

The "white pilgrim," so called because he always dressed in white, was Rev. Joseph Thomas, a traveling evangelist of the "Christian" church. He was born in Orange county, N. C., March 7, 1791; died at the home of Rev. J. S. Thompson, Johnsonburg, N. J., of smallpox, April 9, 1835. His remains were buried in the Johnsonburg cemetery, where his tomb was visited by Rev. John Ellis, also of the "Christian" church, who wrote the poem beginning, "I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay." It was written for the *Christian Palladium*, then published at Honeoye Falls, N. Y., but was clipped by other papers without explanatory note. The family of the "white pilgrim" lived at Grassy Point, Ohio, at the time of his death.

Violating Patent Claims.

C. L. T., Worthington, Minn., asks: "Will I make myself liable to fine, etc., by making a windmill or any other machine, for my own use? I can make one that is entirely different from any I ever saw, to run a churn, pump water, etc."

Of course you can make one; but if it should involve a violation of some one's patent you could be compelled to pay royalty to the inventor. The fact that you have a right to do it makes no difference; you are liable, if you violate a patent, whether you do it ignorantly or not. The old maxim that "ignorance of the law excuses no one" governs the case. There is a widespread error that any one can make a patented article for his individual use without penalty, and a great many people have paid dearly for their ignorance. A patent covers all machines using the patented device.

How to Get Books.

D. A. N., Kezar, Colo., incloses a postal card with a request to send her the name of the publishers of a certain cook book. Now, in the first place, we don't know the book, nor by whom it is published; second, Rules 3 and 7 prevent the editor answering the question; third—and we wish to say it most emphatically—if our rules preclude our answering a question in the BUREAU, we will not answer by mail. Why? Because, if we answer one person by mail we must answer all, to be fair and honest, and we cannot undertake this. To send a stamp or a postal card puts us under no obligation to reply. We try to do all we can to help our readers, but we must draw the line at the rules given above. To D. A. N., or any one else who wants to obtain books, we say, get a bookseller to order it for you; and if none is convenient, write to any large publishing house mentioned in our book reviews, headed "Current Literature," on 2d page of Weekly BLADE, inclosing stamp. If they do not publish it, they can get it for you.

The "Australian" Ballot System.

A. E. W., New Way, O.: 1.—We are somewhat tired of reprinting the "Australian system" of voting, but will give it this once only: Its purpose is to provide entire secrecy of the ballot and the protection of the voter from intimidation or corruption. Its substantial requirements are as follows: Ballots are to be provided at public expense; none but these ballots are to be used; on them are to be printed the names of all candidates who are nominated either by conventions or petitions a short period prior to the election; the ballots are to be distributed only by sworn ballot clerks at the polls to voters, and for actual and immediate use in voting; the voter is allowed five minutes in which to retire into a booth conveniently arranged, where he secretly marks his choice of candidates upon the face of the ballot, or, if he prefers, writes the names of the candidates of his own nomination in place of those whose names are already printed. Having done this, he proceeds directly to the ballot-box and without exposing the face of the ballot or communicating with any one deposits the ballot as his vote. For the benefit of the blind and the illiterate, such a voter is permitted to select one of the two ballot clerks, who, under oath of fidelity and secrecy, assist him to mark his ballot. 2.—We think not. 3.—The oath, etc., of the Clan-na-Gael, published a short time ago in THE BLADE, with the higher and more explanation, purported to be the confession of a member; and we have no reason to doubt their truth.

Our Bonded Debt.

Reader, Fremont, O.: The 4½ per cent bonds outstanding amount to about $159,000,000 and the 4s to $567,000,000. The 4½s mature in September, 1891, and, if any of them should be outside the treasury at that time, they could be redeemed by the government at par. In July, 1892, the 4s become payable within the option of the treasury department. These securities comprise all the interest-bearing obligations of the nation, except the Pacific railway bonds, $64,000,000 in amount. Of course the present fund now which calls for more than $46,000,000 a year, would exhaust all these bonds by about the time the 4s become payable at par.

The Marine Corps.

J. S., Fulton, Neb.: We are not clear on some of the points of your questions. Do you wish to join the navy as a sailor, or as a member of the marine corps? If the former, you will find a recruiting station in New York city. If the latter, you can get the information needed by addressing Col. Chas. G. McCawley, Headquarters U. S. Marine Corps, Eighth street S. E., Washington, D. C. Remember, the only way to become an officer in the navy is to go through the naval school at Annapolis, which is the training school for officers. A man can never hope to attain rank in the marine corps, which corresponds to the privates in the army.

The United States Land Office.

E. K., Moore's Hill, Ind.: 1.—The divisions in the United States Land office are the Railroad division, Pre-emption division, Contest division, Swamp-land division, Accounts division, Mineral vision, Several Service division, Board of Review, and Draughting division. 2.—The Commissioner of Public Lands is charged with the survey, management and sale of the public domain, and the issuing of titles therefore, whether derived from confirmations of grants made by former governments, by sales, donations, or grants from schools, railroads, military bounties, or public. He is aided by an assistant commissioner. 3.—The salaries received by clerks range all the way from $480 to $1,200 per year.

Union Troops at Fort Donelson.

J. I., Unity, Ill.: The Union forces engaged at Fort Donelson were the 17th and 25th Kentucky, 2d, 31st and 44th Indiana, 2d, 7th, 12th and 14th Iowa, 1st Nebraska, 5th and 65th Ohio, 8th and 18th Missouri, 8th Wisconsin, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 41st, 45th, 46th, 48th, 49th, 57th and 58th Illinois Volunteers, Batteries Band D, 1st, and D and E, 2d Illinois Artillery, four companies of Illinois Cavalry, Birge's Sharpshooters, and six gunboats, commanded by Brigadier General U. S. Grant and Commodore A. H. Foote.

The English Sparrow.

Subscriber, Lawrence, Kan., when we answered last week concerning the English sparrow, in substance that the department of Agriculture at Washington has just issued a pamphlet of 400 pages, entitled, "The English Sparrow in North America," of which we have received a copy since the last issue was published. It may be obtained by addressing the Secretary of Agriculture.

D. R. Locke's Story.

Our friends whose questions we have answered to the best of our ability are each and every one requested to return the favor by reading the announcement of "The Demagogue," on the 4th page of this issue; and then to send, *at once*, on a postal card, the names and addresses of ten or more persons to whom we can mail sample copies of the paper, with the view of having them subscribe, so as to receive the story. Please do not fail to do this.

Miscellaneous.

G. W. M., Bryan, Ill.: See answer, "Largest Cities," in BUREAU of June 27.

B. J. G., Coalvale, Kan.: We do not know of a single influential paper in Connecticut which supports it.

M. E. W., Bowling Green, O.: What is your question? You send an article on rapid railway travel, but no question.

? Center Junction, Iowa: We published a list of nicknames of the states in the BUREAU of February 7 last, and can not reprint it so soon.

J. E. M., Vera Cruz, Ind.: There is no French edition of the New York *Herald* published in New York. There is, however, a French edition published in Paris.

S. C. O., Sterling, Kan.: One child can not be disinherited in favor of other children; but a will will have to be made to set aside the will. Consult a first-class lawyer.

Good Templar, Commerce, Iowa: We do not know who founded the order of Good Templars, nor where and when it originated. If some one will send us the facts we shall be glad to publish them.

P. L. B., Clyde, Kan.: 1.—We are unable to say. Write to the commissioner of the General Land office, Washington, D. C., and inquire. 2.—Report the fraud to the commissioner, as above.

T. D., ——: How do you suppose we can possibly know the postoffice address of the man you mention, when you say simply "he lives in Nebraska?" We have no means of finding out. You should advertise for his address.

G. W. L., Warsaw, Mo.: In the 51st Congress, the whole number of Senators is 76, of which 39 are Republicans and 37 Democrats. The whole number of Representatives is 325, of which 165 are Republicans and 159 are Democrats.

Mrs. M. E. S. Ellis, Mo.: We cannot publish the rules for games, etc., as they can be obtained in cheap handbooks. There have been no recent changes in the rules of croquet, as the game is going out of fashion. Lawn tennis is taking its place.

E. B., Beaver City, Neutral Strip: The value of a painting depends entirely on the fame of the artist. If the latter is unknown the painting is worth little. The only way to dispose of them would be to take them to Chicago or New York, to some art dealer.

A. C., West Milton, O.: We are very sorry we cannot answer your question, but it would be running in opposition to rule 3, above. It would give free advertising. If schools of elocution wish to reach BLADE readers, they must do so through the advertising columns.

D. B., Troy, Kan.: 1.—The subject matter of your question has been several times extensively reported in the Household, and hence we cannot devote much space to replying. All foods that contain fat, starch or sugar are fat-producing. 2.—To keep down fat eat lean meat, brown bread, eggs, cheese, and most vegetables except potatoes, beans, peas, and green corn; avoid tea, coffee and milk, take plenty of exercise, bathe frequently, and sleep as long as possible, in a well ventilated room. 3.—To increase bone is practically impossible after manhood is reached, but the muscular system can be strengthened by proper gymnastic exercises, added to the directions for bathing, sleeping, etc., above.

Soldier, Lackawanna, Pa.: There are 16,060 surviving veterans of the Mexican war, and 5,104 widows of soldiers in the Mexican war on the pension rolls. Of this number the recent Congressional acts added 8,557 survivors and 4,209 widows to the list during the last year.

D. W. T., Springfield, O.: Alaska was purchased by the United States from Russia in 1867, for $7,200,000. William H. Seward, secretary of state, was the American most prominently engaged in the negotiations. The census of 1880 showed a population of 60,356 inhabitants.

A. W., Raymond, Kan.: You should write to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., stating the case clearly and fully, and ask for restitution. It is improbable, however, that you will receive the money if the register of the office at which you paid the money is not now in the government employ.

N. L. M., Findlay, O.: To obtain a complete list of the postoffices in the United States, get a bookseller to order for you a copy of "The United States Official Postal Guide." It is published by a firm in Washington city, under authority of the government. It costs $2.50, we think, in cloth, but is cheaper in paper covers.

J. A. B., Mt. Vernon, Iowa: It is a lamentable fact that the ignorance and credulity of many sects are able to prove their positions by Biblical quotations. Even slavery used to be proved a divine institution as polygamy is now by certain people. We can not take the space in THE BLADE necessary for the article you propose.

N. C. Manchester, Ky.: 1.—It has not yet been decided whether census enumerators will have to pass a civil service examination or not. If they do, an examination will be held by the commission probably at some convenient city in each state. 2.—Hog cholera questions must go to the the FARM. We have handed your query to the editor of that department.

S. McC., Prospect, Pa.: The person to whom you must apply to get a copy of the annual department reports is the representative to congress from your district, as each congressman receives a number to distribute among his constituents. They will be sent to you free of postage. The annual report of the secretary of war is one of these. A copy of the United States army regulations can be ordered at any book store, but it is not given free of charge.

L. D. T., Brown, Colo.: The "Republican" party of early days divided into two wings in the period from 1824 to 1828, the followers of John Quincy Adams on the one side gradually taking the name of "National Republicans," and the followers of Andrew Jackson on the other being first simply called "Jackson men," and later "Democratic Republicans." The last word was gradually dropped in favor of the term "Democratic," which became general during Jackson's presidency.

Hoosier, ——, Ind.: Why do you send us questions on elementary grammar? Any school-boy who has studied English grammar can tell you this: 1.—Pronouns agree with their antecedents in person, gender and number; and verbs with their subjects in person and number. 2.—A participle expresses action, but does not assert it: it can be used adjectively, or as a noun. An infinitive is merely the name of a verb, and can not be used adjectively. 3.—If President Harrison should die, Vice-President Morton would become President, and would select his own Cabinet. In case of the death of both President and Vice-President, the secretary of State in office at that time becomes President.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster, 25c

THE FAN.

A Writer in the London Telegraph Speaks of Its Uses.

Among the contributions of Addison to the *Spectator* there are very few which so nearly approach perfection in the conciseness of their symmetry and the terseness of their wit as the famous essay on "The Exercise of the Fan," and the article becomes all the more admirable for the fact that it does not contain a line that gives occasion for controversy. When Mr. *Spectator* took up his parable against hoop petticoats, those devices found vehement opponents as well as enthusiastic advocates, and a large proportion of the British fair were exasperated that the essayist should presume to say anything about painters at all. It was, happily, different in the case of the fan. Although gossiping old Aubrey tells that in his youth the judges were wont to ride circuit armed with monstrous fans the handles of which were sometimes a yard in length, the fan has, in Europe at least, been universally recognized as an essential item in the paraphernalia of women. Fashions may come and go and return again; hoops, powder, patches, big sleeves and tight sleeves; long waists and short waists; skirts plain, flounced, and draped appear, vanish, and are revived; the shape of the bonnet now emulates the form of a coal-scuttle and now imitates the coquetty of a cheese-plate; while the feminine hat, which to-day may vie with a cart-wheel in circumference, may to-morrow shrink to the dimensions of a pork-pie. The fan, on the other hand is always in fashion; and although it is subject to some slight extent to the fluctuation of the mode, as it is at the present moment, when it has been decreed that ladies' fans should match the prevailing hue of their dresses, no great dame would incur the peril of being sent to Coventry if she appeared with a chicken-skin fan painted by Cosway for her great-great-grandmother, or with a marvel in perforated ivory carved for the Emperor Akbar, and presented by that potentate to Queen Elizabeth. Rare old fans are as precious as rare old china; but, since genuine "Sevres" are not procurable without difficulty, it behooves us to do all that we can to foster the production of the very handsomest and most elegant fans that modern taste and ingenuity can devise.

It is worth notice that fans and fan-making are at present exciting a considerable amount of public attention, not altogether, we are happy to say, from its æsthetic interest-a-bruc point of view. The Fanmakers' company, by their recent exhibition, have done yeoman service toward the encouragement of originality of design and excellence of workmanship in home-made fans; nor should it be forgotten that the foundation of the Worshipful Guild in question dates from the latter years of Queen Anne, precisely the period when Mr. Joseph Addison was describing the unfurling of the fan, which, he writes, "pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows and the like agreeable figures that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment of ladies holds a picture in her hands." There can be little doubt that at the time when the Fanmakers' company was incorporated it was thought highly patriotic to patronize fans of British manufacture, as the importation of the articles from France had been, to a great extent, arrested by the long war with Louis XIV., and the British government probably thought it a stroke of policy quite as sagacious to encourage native fan-makers as to incite the convivially inclined to drink Spanish and Portuguese wines instead of French claret. Fortunately again for the interest of home-made fans, London was full of skilled foreign artisans, chiefly Huguenots, driven from their native land by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, who could not only themselves paint fans and manufacture fan mounts, but could teach these crafts to British workmen. That native fans were abundantly produced at this period, until at least the middle of the eighteenth century is clear, from the fact that Hogarth's wonderful "Progresses" and his "Marriage a la Mode" were largely pirated on fans. By degrees, however, we grew more and more to depend on the foreign artist, and the foreign importer for the costliest of silken and gauze fans, painted either with flowers or with figure subjects; and the extension of our commerce with the far east brought every year thousands of beautiful Chinese and Indian fans into the British market. How we stand in this respect at present is in a social and economical sense well worth inquiry; for just as Paley asked whether one man in a million knew how oval frames were made, so it might be inquired whether one lady in ten thousand knows where her fan was made, and how it came into the hands of her milliner or her draper. We are afraid that, save in the very few cases where a fan has a pedigree, as a Queen Anne's candlestick, or a piece of rare old Chelsea should have, the answer must be that the fan most very recently was a foreign product, and that most of the wholesale dealers established in the metropolis were only importers of foreign fans, or that their London houses were only branches of their own manufactories abroad. It is the praiseworthy object of the Fanmakers' company to make the production of only elegant and useful trifles as substantial a branch of British industry in the reign of Queen Victoria as it undoubtedly was in the reign of Queen Anne, and their enterprise and liberality in this direction are amply proved by their recently having admitted to the freedom of the Fanmakers' company Miss Emmeline Mary Hairs, one of the daughters of Louisa Ann Hairs & Co., in Moorlane—a house which certainly merits recognition, since the founders are two English ladies of equal artistic taste and business capacity, who have established a manufactory of fancy goods, and especially of fans, produced, with the exception of the sticks, on their own premises, whose large staff of employees, artists, designers, mountists, canastresses, clerks and cashiers are exclusively women. It will surely be agreed on all hands that fan painting and fan mounting are employments peculiarly adapted to the capacity of the female sex.

Apart from its artistic qualities a fan may be regarded as an item of first-class millinery, and, although male dressmakers are often ludicrously called man-milliners, instead of enjoying the good old Saxon designation of women's tailors, no man that we ever heard of could build a perfect bonnet. It is beyond him. There are certain subtleties of ordinance arrangement and contrast in what may be called a toilet fan which only a woman skilled in the feminine business can achieve. We grant the splendor of such fans as were painted of old by Watteau, by Boucher, by Fragonard and by Greuze, and in more recent times by Gavarni and "Cham," and might be painted in these days by a Millais, a Leighton or an Alma Tadema; but a toilet fan, quite as precious in a degree, differs very widely in its conception and executive from the fan pictorial. Satin cartouches, applique on net; scrolls of brocade artfully paneled on grounds of chicken skin or kid; bouquets and wreaths and festoons of flowers exquisitely painted on gauze; and, finally, lace in its richest of textures and its grandest forms of arrangement—Brussels, Honiton, old point and Valenciennes—all these may enter into the composition of toilet fans. It would be, nevertheless, idle to conceal the fact, however graceful and artistically beautiful our native fans are becoming as respects their texture, their design and their style of mounting, the fan sticks, or framework of wood, ivory, tortoiseshell or mother of pearl, forming the skeleton of the fans, are almost entirely made in France and Germany, and that both the countries named send us every year immense quantities of finished fans, from the very cheapest to the costliest. Some time must elapse, perhaps, before the making of fan-sticks and the mounting of the fans themselves can be thoroughly domiciled among us. Before that day even epoch does arrive, additional employment may be found by the deft fingers of thousands upon thousands of English women. What lady does not want a fan? and what servant girl out for a holiday does not like to be photographed with a fan? As for a lady of fashion, she requires almost as many fans as she does dresses. The fan to the grande dame is not only an article of comfort, but one of command. It is a weapon, a wand, which may now wound, and may now enchant. "Women," wrote the wise *Spectator*, "are armed with fans as men are with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them." Our beaux have long since laid aside, save when in uniform or levee dress, their swords; but our belles happily preserve their fans, and it would seem in every way desirable that, if we can successfully vie with the foreigner in the production of these articles, we are bound by the same responsibility of patriotism which actuated the fan-makers of Queen Anne's time to patronise to the very best of our abilities the British-made fan.

Not an Improvement.

Eastern Housekeeper—Do you have any difficulty in keeping good girls in the West.

Western Housekeeper (from a natural gas town)—Great difficulty. Every once in a while a girl turns on the gas before lighting it, and we have to look about for a new girl. No use looking for the old one.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Sensitive Soul.

"Waiter, a beefsteak—but not a small one; I am so terribly nervous that every little thing upsets me."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

FASHION NOVELTIES.

A Green Grocer Milliner—A Love of a Bonnet.

You'd hardly think it, yet it is really a bonnet and beside, the illustration shows it larger than it is. This one consists of black lace, a ribbon bow, two large roses, one faded pink, the other a mere faded looking greenish color. Green is the prevading color in all Parisian milliners' shops, so much so that a stranger might fancy herself in the Boulogne by mistake to a green grocer's; and there may be some truth in the story that a country girl deceived by the abundance of green in the window, went to buy water cresses at a fashionable milliner's shop. This mistake is the more easily excusable as even the few straw hats in the windows look as much as possible like dainty vegetable baskets. They are also trimmed with moss, ferns, lox, ribbons, gauze, and a thousand fancy articles; and we need scarcely reiterate everything in green.

Flower turban hats or toques are enjoying great favor among young ladies, and straw hats and bonnets of the season with the broad brimmed, round hats. The tulle shape is edged with velvet, and an immense poppy forms the crown, its tender white petals and gold calyx spreading over the whole surface. Besides poppies, large roses, lilies and asters are adapted for the purpose; each of these flowers can be bought singly.

A PRETTY BONNET.

A bouquet of mignonette, violets, and leaves, also bows of heliotrope ribbon two and three-quarter inches wide, trim this pretty bonnet of fawn-colored fancy straw with a brim bent up high over the forehead. The strings are also of the same.

LONG LIFE.

How It Is Effected by the Professions and Other Means.

Among the clergy the average of life is beyond that of any similar class. It is improbable that this average will be maintained for the future; the duties and anxieties imposed upon the clergy of the present generation place them in a very different position from that of their predecessors. Among lawyers there have been several eminent judges who attained a great age, and the rank and file of the profession are also characterized by a decided tendency to longevity. The medical profession supplies but few instances of extreme old age, and the average duration of life among its members is decidedly low. Broken rest, hard work, anxieties, exposure to weather and the risks of infection, cannot fail to exert an injurious influence upon health. No definite conclusion can be arrived at with regard to the average longevity of literary and scientific men, but it might be supposed that those among them who are not harassed by anxieties and enjoy fair health would probably reach old age. As a general rule, the duration of life is not shortened by literary pursuits.

In Prof. Humphrey's "Report on Aged Persons," containing an account of 824 individuals of both sexes, and between the ages of 80 and 100, it is stated that 48 per cent were poor, 42 per cent were in comfortable circumstances, and only 10 per cent were described as being in affluent circumstances.

If we pass from probable to improbable causes of longevity we are confronted by many extravagant assumptions. Dr. Slare, a physician of the last century, has recorded the case of a centenarian who used to mix sugar with all his food, and the doctor himself was so convinced of the "balsamic virtue" of this substance that he adopted the practice, and boasted of his health and strength in his old age. Another member of the same profession used to take daily doses of tannin (the substance employed to harden and preserve leather), under the impression that the tissues of the body would be thereby protected from decay. His life was protracted beyond the ordinary span, but it is questionable whether the tannin acted in the desired direction. Lord Combermere thought that his good health and advanced years were due, in part, at least, to the fact that he always wore a tight belt round his waist. His lordship's appetite was doubtless thereby kept within bounds; we are further told that he was very moderate in the use of all fluids as drink. Cleanliness might be supposed to aid in prolonging life, yet a Mrs. Lewson, who died in the early part of this century, aged 106, must have been a singularly dirty person. We are told that instead of washing, she smeared her face with lard, and asserted that "people who washed always caught cold."—*Fortnightly Review.*

S. S. S. TRADE

In 1883 I contracted Blood Poison of the worst type, and was treated with mercury, potash and sarsaparilla mixtures, growing worse all the time. I took 7 small bottles S. S. S. which cured me entirely, and no sign of the dreadful disease has returned.

J. C. NANCE,
Jan. 10, '89. Hobbyville, Ind.

My little niece had white swelling to such an extent that she was confined to the bed for a long time. More than 30 pieces of bone came out of her leg, and the doctors said amputation was the only remedy to save her life. I refused the operation and put her on S. S. S. and she is now up and active and in as good health as any child. Miss ANNIE GEESLING,
Feb. 11, '89. Columbus, Ga.

Book on Blood Diseases sent free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Troubles of the Beginner—An Illustration of "Foreshortening"—Toledo Amateurs.

Toledo Daily Blade, Saturday July 6.

With the invention of the dry plate a few years ago, the art of photography was so simplified, was made so much easier, that persons who before had never been identified with the camera in any other capacity than a target, began to approach more nearly to it—to become familiar, and even intimate with it, as it were, and almost in a day, all over the land, thousands of amateur photographers lifted the sombre veil that shrouded it, and plunged down into its true inwardness.

The craze since then has been growing amazingly, although it is even as yet in the first blush and bloom of youth. And Toledo has her share of them. All around the pretty suburbs, up and down the beautiful rivers' banks, at Presque Isle, along the bay, and near the lake, in the park, in the store, on the roof and in the back yard, the amateur photographer fixes his tripod, takes careful and accurate aim at the surrounding scenery, and, requesting it to "look perfectly natural," gently removes the cap, and—as Jack Hamerton says, "There'e you ah!"

The summer months are the glorious season of the amateur photographer. In winter, he has been obtaining views of his friends and home that resemble the shades of the Stygian caves, or one of the Impressionist school's paintings. He has taken flash pictures of his family, which have never worked properly, unless the subjects were in some attitude they would not readily or eagerly assume in a public park. He has photographed his cuum, lolling, as he fondly thought, in a pose of

A BAD CASE OF FORESHORTENING.

negligent ease and natural grace, but which makes him out to be a fitting freak for an upper Summit dime museum.

But with summer he goes out doors, and photographs the larger and more accessable portions of it.

An amateur outfit can be purchased for any price—$5 up to $75, and they form, when one can use them, a most delightful addition to the impedimenta of a vacation outing, for thus armed, one can bring home with him something more than the mere recollections and the wide and arid waste of money, of the trip.

The most popular cameras, perhaps, are the tripod "favorites," where scenic work is wanted. The detective camera is in high favor. There are several kinds, the Hawkeye, the Waterbury, the Kodak, the Lilliput, and others. The detective camera furnishes much fun. One never is certain of himself with a detective camera. The amatuer thinks it would be a bright idea to secure a picture of that pretty lady just stepping into her carriage across the street, and slyly flashing it at her is rewarded with a fine view of the rear elevation of a fire alarm box on the next corner.

MARKS ON GOODS.

The Usual Method of Indicating the Cost—Light on the System.

To the average man or woman nothing is more mysterious than the private mark which merchants use. It seems strange that salesmen, by a glance at the apparently meaningless letters, can tell the price which his employer intends he shall get for an article. The cost of the article is sometimes indicated by letters as a guide to the salesman, should the customer attempt to "knock him down." Private marks are formed from the letters of the merchant's private word. Every merchant has his private word, and the salesman, knowing it, can tell the meaning of the various combinations of letters. The private word usually contains ten letters, each letter different. Beside the private word there is a "repeater," which may be a letter or letters, and is used to avoid repeating a letter.

The private "word" may be two or more words, provided the number of letters does not exceed ten, and that no letter is repeated. Let us suppose that "My Big Heads" is the private phrase used by a firm. "I" will stand for 1, "r" for 2, "b" for 3, "i" for 4, "g" for 5, "H" for 6, "e" for 7, "a" for 8, "d" for 9, "s" for 0. Suppose an article is marked myg; why then myg stands for $1.25. If the article be something of great value, such as a sealskin sacque, for instance, myg may stand for $125. By the same rule myga would indicate $12 50 or $1,250, according to the nature of the article. To write $1.22 the form myg is not used, but for the second 2, a "repeater," x being a common one is used, and shows that it stands for the same numeral as the preceding. Thus $1.22 would be written, if x were the repeater, myx. The private words or phrases used by some of the big firms in town get so well known that salesmen in one store can read the private marks used in another. Consequently, merchants find it necessary to change the private word or phrase frequently. Not a few firms use the letters of the Greek alphabet, thus further mystifying the general public. But English or Greek, they are all Greek to the one who knows not the private word or phrase.—*Boston Globe.*

Romance and Reality.

"It is easy for married couples to quarrel and bring themselves to the point of a divorce," said a well-known New Yorker recently. "After I had been married three months, I came sadly home one night to tell my wife that business would keep me away from her the next 24 hours. She was girlish, and by way of reply she gave herself a little hug, with a little wriggle of her body thrown in, and expressed her feelings in an exclamation of unmistakable joy. Deeply pained, I said to her that I never supposed she desired my absence enough to gurgle with joy at the mere proposal of it. Many a man would gone off angry or darkly suspicious. Instead I questioned her. 'Why, you goose,' said she, 'when you said you were going away one thing popped into my head to the exclusion of everything else. That was, now he's going away and I can eat some raw onions with salt and vinegar. That was all. I have been dying for raw onions ever since our wedding.'"—*New York Sun.*

What It Means.

People talk quite glibly about 1,000,000 bushels of wheat, but very few of them realize what a vast amount that is. A wheat broker says "that if 1,000,000 bushels were loaded on freight cars, 50 bushels to the car, it would fill a train over fifteen miles long; if transported by the common wagon—44 bushels per wagon—it would make a line of teams 142 miles long. If made into bread reckoning a bushel to every 60 pounds of flour, it would give each man, woman and child in the United states a two-pound loaf of bread."—*Industrial World.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York

Not an Improvement.

Eastern Housekeeper—Do you have any difficulty in keeping good girls in the West.

Western Housekeeper (from a natural gas town)—Great difficulty. Every once in a while a girl turns on the gas before lighting it, and we have to look about for a new girl. No use looking for the old one.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A Sensitive Soul.

"Waiter, a beefsteak—but not a small one; I am so terribly nervous that every little thing upsets me."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

The Need Supplied

OF a scientific and truly reliable hair dressing led to the discovery of Dr. J. C. Ayer's famous Hair Vigor. It was a success from the beginning, and to-day outsells all similar preparations.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for years, and though I am now fifty-eight years old, my hair is as thick and black as when I was twenty. This preparation causes a healthy growth of the hair, keeps it soft, and is a perfect hair dressing."—M

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1889.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,.....Editor.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, one year, $1.00; Six months, 60 cents; Three months, 30 cents; Clubs of 6, one year, $5.10. EVERY SEVENTH COPY FREE, or for a less number than seven, the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Circulation Last Week, 102,000.

THE "BULL'S EYE."

The "American Newspaper Directory" for 1889 has just been issued by GEORGE P. ROWELL & Co., of New York. It is everywhere recognized by advertisers, and the business community in general, as the official guide to the relative standing and value of the newspapers of the United States. In it, this particular mark, called

THE "BULL'S-EYE,"

because it represents a target, probably, is used to indicate the following qualities possessed by the paper so designated:

Circulates among a prosperous class of readers.

Circulation not forced, but almost exclusively among people who buy and pay for the publication because they have learned to know and appreciate its special value.

Has a subscription list of paid-up subscribers among the best of the class, to the advancement of whose interests it is especially devoted.

Has a long established reputation among a regular list of yearly subscribers.

When the character of the circulation is to be considered, papers ranked with this centered circle are to be considered as the best.

They are especially valuable for advertisers from having a rich clientage, exerting a special influence, having a long established hold upon the community, which cause them to be more thoroughly read and more highly esteemed than others.

The sparing manner in which ROWELL & Co. have used the "Bull's-eye" is shown by the fact that barely a dozen daily papers in the United States can fulfill the above conditions. In New York City there are but four, in Boston but one, in Chicago but one, in St. Louis but one, in Cincinnati none. In Toledo there is but one paper so distinguished, and it goes without saying that it is THE BLADE.

Not only that, but both THE DAILY BLADE and THE WEEKLY BLADE are thus marked.

The high rank thus given THE BLADE by the expert authority that is admitted to be the highest existing in the United States is accepted with becoming modesty by it. The advertisers of Toledo in the Daily edition, and of the country at large in the world-famed WEEKLY BLADE, are already aware of the facts as indicated by the "Bull's-eye," judging by the preference they show for those two papers as mediums for advertising, and we merely state the facts given above as corroborative of their judgment.

THE SALOON AS A SOCIAL FACTOR.

In a recent issue, *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular*, an organ of the wholesale liquor trade, pleads for the existence of the saloon, that ulcer on the body politic, in the following article, which is in reply to certain strictures of the *Christian Union*:

Does not the editor of the *Christian Union* see and know that in the congested social life of our great cities, the bar-room, the beer garden, and the dance hall are to the poor and the middle-classes exactly what the club-house, the concert hall, and the "German" are to the rich and the well-to-do—pennies for admission to the one, dollars for the other? Does he not know that without the relaxation, the amusement, and the social intercourse which these resorts or their kind afford, the life of the people could not last?

And if he is at loss to understand why barrooms continue to thrive and increase in spite of every let-hindrance, he can find out from the poor quarters of any of our great cities and take a square, honest look at the tenement houses, the shanties and the hovels that pass for the homes of poor people; let him inquire into the long hours of labor and scanty pay of these slaves to misfortune and poverty; and, having done this, let him ask himself if there is not to such people something irresistibly attractive in the "welcome," the freedom from restraint, the agreeable surroundings, and the congenial companionship which a bar-room affords for the outlay of a few pennies.

Then let him apply the same investigation and the same reasoning to the case of the homeless hired men and hired girls, if you please; the porters, the teamsters, the street car drivers, and the mill men; let him go into the rural districts and picture the godless cabin of the southern negro and the wretched shanty of the unlettered, helpless "poor whites" of every section; in short, let him go into every sphere of life beneath the rich and the well-to-do, who have homes and society and churches, and everywhere he will find those abnormal social conditions which lead the strong and the hopeful into temptation, and which drive the weak and the ambitionless into desperation.

Everywhere he will see that the vast body of the intemperate are recruited from the swelling ranks of the poor, the down-trodden, and the oppressed—from those who are tempted and those who are defenseless against temptation. So long as the social conditions which sustain the saloon exist, it is intellectual blindness, it is sinful, to teach the people that the mere abolition of the saloon can accomplish aught to temperance reform.

All this merits close investigation; for there is in it a half-truth, that is even more deceptive than falsehood itself, as all statements that are half true and half false necessarily are. The falsehood is in the assumption that the statements are correct for all persons. They are not. They are not true for one-half, nay, not for one-quarter of the people, even in what the *Circular* describes as the "congested social life" of our cities and towns. They are not true of but a minority, even in the largest cities of our land; and they are still less so of our smaller towns and of the rural districts.

It is to be remembered, too, that the bulk of our population, by a great majority, lives in the country, outside of villages, towns and cities; hence it is clear that the class of people of which this organ of the Rum Power speaks must perforce be but a very small per cent of the total population of the entire nation. Hence the plea, reduced to the strict limits of truth, stripped of its glittering generalities, amounts to this:

1.—In our largest cities a very small proportion of the well-to-do population (less than 1 per cent) maintain club houses, etc.

2.—In these cities probably a similar proportion of the poorer classes (and this largely composed of persons of foreign birth or foreign descent) makes the saloon a resort for social purposes.

3.—In the smaller towns and villages, and in the country, the great bulk of our population—the real ruling class, the honest bone and sinew of our land, do not resort to either.

4.—That this is true of the great majority, even in our cities.

5.—Therefore, because a very small per cent of the total number of residents of the United States make the saloon a factor in social life—and these the uneducated, untrained, largely without the ambition or the energy to better their condition—the great majority shall yield to this minority, small in numbers, lacking in all those elements that the true American citizen ought to possess, and allow the saloon to exist for the benefit of these few.

Strange logic, this! And indicative of the remarkable narrowness of view of the person who can, in sober earnest, advance it as a valid argument for the continuance of the saloon. It contravenes the fundamental principle of our American system of free government, that the majority shall rule, and the minority yield their preferences thereto.

It is not based upon the high ground of morality, of purity, of decency, of Christianity. It tacitly admits that the saloon is wrong, and pleads for its retention on the low ground of pandering to the uneducated tastes of the weak, the depraved, the ignorant and the illiterate.

There is in it no word of helpful cheer for the improvement of the condition of this class. It is but a plea that they shall be allowed to give their low tastes full swing, that the saloon may be continued as a permanent institution, each a temptation to the young and inexperienced, and an all-powerful engine to retain those who are under its domination in lifelong servitude thereto.

There is in this plea a contravention of the underlying principles of Christianity itself. There is no hint of self abnegation, of crucifying the base desires of the flesh that humanity may make of its sacrifices the stepping-stones to higher planes of existence, and lift itself above the mire and the clay of selfish desires and groveling appetites.

Is there any hope for the release of these people in crowded cities from the poverty of tenement house life, from grinding toil, year in and year out, if that accursed leech, the saloon, is to be allowed to exist that it may draw from these ignorant ones every penny that is earned, save what will buy them the barest necessities of animal existence? The very first step that must be taken to improve their condition is to abolish the saloon and thus remove the overmastering temptation to squander their earnings for Rum. When this is done, their money will be spent in bettering their condition; and with improved surroundings and better food they will have taken the first upward step—and the first is always the hardest—toward a higher plane of civilization and enlightenment.

No people can be raised from a lower to a higher stage unless those dead weights, the promoters of their frailties and their vices, which shackle them, are removed; and with those who are described as "defenseless against temptation," this aid must come from without. The defense must be by the stronger, less assailable, better educated and better trained classes of the community. The very first step in their upward progress must be the removal of the temptations, yielding to which holds them in their present condition; and consequently the work that is first to accomplish is to strike down the saloon and to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

GET UP CLUBS FOR THREE MONTHS.

As is announced elsewhere Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S story of "The Demagogue" is to be begun in THE BLADE of July 25.

In order that many thousand new readers may join the great BLADE family, we have made a special THREE MONTHS' club rate for the Weekly BLADE at an extremely low rate.

Agents, Postmasters and others will do well to write to us for special club terms AT ONCE. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

Down in the state of New Jersey there has been recently discovered an old law that has never been repealed from the statute books and might therefore be put into execution if any of the good citizens of that commonwealth chose to do so. It reads thus: "All women of whatsoever age, profession or rank, whether maids or widows, who shall after this act, impose upon, seduce or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair or high-heeled shoes shall incur the penalty now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors." How is that? It is protection with a vengeance. One would like to know how this law fell into disuse, whether the men grew stronger brained, so that they were not so easily imposed upon, or if they so greatly admired the feminine appearance beautified by cosmetics, high-heeled shoes, etc., that they were willing to be thus bewitched. There must have been some strong reason for the women of New Jersey to run the risk of being burned at the stake, for we have never heard that they were any more demure in adornment than elsewhere, and yet this fearful doom threatened them.

A MISSOURI Democrat by the name of CURTIN proposes to take a popular vote of the party's preferences as to the candidate in 1892, and thus settle the trouble over the nomination in advance. The taking of the vote is expected to occupy a year; the ballot will be by postal card, and the clerks who receive and record them are to be sworn to accurate work. Mr. CURTIN evidently obtained his idea from THE BLADE'S canvass of presidential preferences among Republicans in 1887, in which BLAINE was shown to be the first choice of those voting—and it is worthy of note that the Chicago convention would have nominated him had he not definitely forbidden such a course.

ONE reason why Republican officeseekers do not like civil service examinations is that they are so weak in grammar. They can't decline.—*Detroit Free Press.*

And yet the records show that many more Republicans than Democrats parse the examination. It is only noun then that a Democrat squeezes in on his merits.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The preposition is plain, too, that the Democratic practice don't agree with its antecedent theory; hence the party's declension in popular favor. Then, too, the party is poor in orthography; it had a weak "spell" last November, and its "figuring" was not good, either.

RENEWED attention is called, through a case now pending, to the outrageous and unjust ballot law of Delaware, by means of which Republican voters are disfranchised in that state. The decision of the court of appeals on the constitutionality of the law will be awaited with much interest. If it upholds the act, it will only be another reason for inciting the Republicans to activity, with a view of redeeming the State from the odious rule of BAYARD and his fellow-Democrats, who secured the passage of this law.

THE silly season is "on" in metropolitan journalism. The New York *Herald* of Sunday has a long editorial gravely discussing the moot question whether two horses, evenly matched, can trot faster in double harness than either can in single. The point appears to be that it is practically impossible to get two trotters that are absolutely even matches in speed.

THE first half of the year 1889 has been disastrous to the railroads. According to statistics just published, eight roads, with a total of 2,600 miles, and an apparent investment of $125,570,000, have gone into bankruptcy during the past six months.

THAT the census next year will be one of the most reliable ever made, is the unavoidable impression one gets on noting the care exercised to secure the services of the best possible assistants on the part of Superintendent PORTER.

SINCE the defeat of CLEVELAND and of the Mills bill in Congress, domestic wool has increased in price—which goes to show that the Mills bill was not a good thing for the flockmasters.

EUROPEAN LETTERS.

The Editor of "The Blade" on a Brief Tour Across the Sea.

Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE, the Editor of this paper, sailed for Europe on Wednesday, July 3, for a much needed rest and vacation, and will spend nearly two months among the people of northern Germany. During this time he will write a weekly letter to THE BLADE, which will be illustrated by photographs taken on the spot. These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American reader about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE, Nasby), and thus had an unequalled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters from the North of Germany.

A LEGACY FROM THE CLEVELAND ADMINISTRATION.

Secretary WINDOM has been investigating very carefully since March 4 several of the rings which have grown up in the department under the Cleveland administration, and he is about to checkmate one of the most successful of these rings by the promulgation of a new set of regulations as to prescribing the only manner in which a drawback can be obtained on jute bagging. The new regulation will require that drawbacks be paid only to actual exporters, and that satisfactory evidence shall be presented to the department that the jute bagging was made of imported material. The statute relative to drawbacks upon material of that kind requires it.

For some reason there has been a marked departure from the technical language of the statute for the last three years. Since 1885 the practice has grown up of allowing drawbacks simply upon the presentation of agents' manifests that a certain number of bales of cotton were exported, without any proof that the persons who exported the bales were the owners of the cotton, or that the jute of which the bagging was made was imported. The practice has grown to very great proportions under a regulation issued by Mr. MAYNARD as assistant secretary of the Treasury. A large sum has already been paid out by the department under this regulation.

There are a good many indications that a ring has been formed which is operating in jute bagging drawbacks, and that arrangements have been perfected to continue these operations upon a much larger scale. Assistant Secretary TICHENOR has been investigating the subject for a considerable period, and he has decided to issue new regulations which will confine the payment of drawbacks strictly within the limits of the law. Drawbacks will hereafter be paid only to those who are lawfully entitled to them upon strict compliance with the statutes. All claimants will be required to prove ownership of the exported cotton, and that the jute of which the bagging was made was actually imported. Power of attorney will not be accepted from mere shipping agents. In the settlement of an estate in Boston some months ago there was a controversy between the heirs, and one of the items as to which objection was made, was a claim of $8,000 expected to accrue from a certain regulation of the treasury department relative to drawbacks upon jute bagging. This item has never been explained in the court, and the treasury authorities have obtained no further information about it, although the developments in the court will be closely watched.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

The rumors which are current as to the purpose of Pope LEO to leave Rome and locate at some point in Spain, go to show the utterly irreconcilable spirit in which he faces the stubborn fact of an united Italy with its capital at Rome. LEO desires to be again a temporal sovereign—but if there is anything certain in the future, it is that he never will be. Austria and Italy—both Catholic powers—stand in the way of establishing the Pope's temporal authority, and HUMBERT, the Italian king, does not permit the least semblance of encroachment upon his prerogatives by the occupant of the pontifical chair. HUMBERT proposes that Pope LEO may extend his spiritual sway over the whole world, if he can, but his temporal jurisdiction, not an inch in Rome. As this is the case, the Pope's recent appeal to European governments will prove as futile as previous ones have been since Rome became the capital of Italy.

BRITISH CROPS.

A summary of a canvass made by the New York *Herald* throughout the United Kingdom as to the crop prospects for the present year show that prospect for bountiful crops in England, Scotland and Ireland are quite favorable. The reports of the condition of crops in the farming districts of England are very full and also very cheerful. Reports from Ireland is also gratifying, and the crop prospects in Scotland were more than usually favorable until the drought set in, but even in Scotland the farmer has not given up the battle. The outlook in the districts bordering on the Surrey hills is satisfactory, and the harvest on the South Thames promises to be much better than usual.

A GOOD WATCH AT LAST!

Those of our readers who want a *good* cheap watch will please read our new watch offer in the Publishers' Department, on 5th page. The watch we now have is the best cheap watch ever offered, and we are able to recommend it heartily.

IN his sermon, published in to-day's BLADE, Rev. Dr. TALMAGE changes the reading of his text from "In my Father's house are many mansions," to "In my Father's house are many rooms." It may be well to say that there is no good authority for this change. Possibly readers may suppose that Dr. TALMAGE quotes from the Revised Version; but this is not so. The Revised follows the King James version in using "mansions," while the latter has a marginal note giving "abiding places" as the equivalent of "mansions." The sense of the original Greek is not as narrow as the word "rooms." It is better to accept the word "house" as meaning more than a single structure—a sort of hotel with numerous rooms—and as containing within its gates of pearl mansions or abiding-places larger than single rooms. Dr. TALMAGE is entirely too literal in his rendering.

THE fight is now on between Philadelphia and Chicago for place as second city in population in this country. Chicago has just taken in five suburban towns, a lake or two, vast stretches of swampy prairie and 200,000 people, more or less. Philadelphia took in the entire county many years ago, and hence can not do the annexation act. As the estimates now stand, Chicago has 1,100,000 and Philadelphia 1,223,000. How near these figures are to the reality can not be told till the census is taken next year.

PRESIDENT HARRISON didn't have to refer to the cyclopedia to get up the speeches he has made recently.

THE PENNSYLVANIA VOTE.

The Pennsylvania vote on the Prohibitory amendment presents some features that are of interest to consider. The official totals of the vote were as follows:

Against Prohibitory amendment	484,644
For Prohibitory amendment	296,617
Total vote	781,261
Majority against	188,027

There are sixty-seven counties in Pennsylvania. Of these twenty-nine gave majorities for the amendment, and thirty-eight gave majorities against it. Philadelphia gave 92,495 majority against it, and the seven other counties of Allegheny, Berks, Lancaster, Lehigh, Montgomery, Northampton and Schuylkill gave nearly 100,000 adverse majority; hence these eight counties (Philadelphia is a county) gave practically as large a majority as the entire state. The majorities pro and con in the remainder of the state, balanced each other.

Looking at the county majorities in the light of their political bias, as shown at the Presidential election last November, it is seen that only four Democratic counties gave majorities for the amendment—Center, which is the home of Governor BEAVER; Clarion, Clearfield and Greene. The remaining twenty-five counties which cast majorities in its favor all were Republican at the national election last year. Of the thirty-eight counties which gave majorities against the amendment, twenty-one are Democratic, and seventeen are Republican.

The "Pennsylvania Dutch" region, which is strongly Democratic, went almost en masse against the amendment, while those portions of the state settled from New England and by the Scotch Irish element, largely Republican, voted for it. All the counties bordering on New York, except Democratic Wayne and Pike, on the extreme east, and Republican Erie on the extreme west, voted for Prohibition, while all the counties on the southern tier, except Democratic Fayette and Republican Chester, went against it. The latter county, which contains a larger proportion of Quakers than any other in the state, gave about seventeen hundred majority for the amendment. The miners in the anthracite coal country were overwhelmingly against Prohibition, while those in the bituminous coal region seemed to favor it.

The most instructive comparison is, however, that of the total vote for the amendment with the third-party vote. In 1888, the total vote for FISK for President in Pennsylvania was 20,756. The vote for the amendment was 296,617. The third-party vote was a fraction less than *one-fourteenth* of the vote for the amendment. That is, out of every fifteen people in favor of Prohibition in Pennsylvania, only one is in favor of separate political party action, while fourteen are not. This result, curiously enough, is exactly that obtained by THE BLADE, in an article published last summer, in which the votes in all states which have voted on Prohibition since 1883 was compared with the third-party votes. It showed that there was but one third-party vote to fourteen non-partisan Prohibitionists.

It certainly ought to be apparent to every Prohibitionist, whether he be a third-party man or not, that the idea of making a party on this one issue is not a success. Ever since the formation of our government, the people have been divided into two great parties on questions that have their roots in the matter of a narrow or a broad interpretation of the federal constitution. No third party has ever met with national success, nor ever been long-lived. The fact is, that voters will not, in large numbers, permanently leave their regular party affiliations to join an opposing party devoted to a single idea, and it is plain that neither of the two great parties is going to depart from the policy of treating the liquor question as a non-political one. To do otherwise is simply to invite defeat.

It would have made not the smallest difference with the result in Pennsylvania had either the Democratic or the Republican party, or even both of them, indorsed the amendment. The vote would have been exactly the same. And while it is a well-known fact that men will temporarily desert their party to administer a rebuke for adopting some obnoxious doctrine, and return to it when the latter is abandoned—witness the soft money plank in the Ohio Democratic platform in 1878—yet they do not readily do the reverse. They do not so readily abandon it because it does not take up some new tenet. They are better content with too little in a platform than with too much. The liquor question is to be fought in the states as a local issue, not as a political one; and the sooner the friends of Prohibition recognize this and act upon it, the bettter it will be for the cause.

DO YOU WANT TO DO YOUR FRIENDS A FAVOR?

A postal card will easily hold ten names and addresses. Send us in this way the names of ten of your neighbors and friends who would like to read "The Demagogue," announced elsewhere. We will send to every person a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the announcement, and will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us names as above requested. Do it AT ONCE.

IT is a point in favor of the theory that solar disturbances cause hot weather, that the present heated term is accompanied by a huge sun-spot, comparable magnitude with the great spots some five or six years ago. A good eye should be able to see it with the aid of a smoked glass. It is fully three diameters of the earth across, and somewhat irregular in outline. Along the edges of the dark central chasm the familiar tongue-shaped projections of photospheric flame can be seen. The whole aspect of the spot is such as to remind the observer that the mysterious comaotion which affects the surface of the solar globe, reaching the maximum once in every eleven years, is about to manifest itself again after several years of comparative repose. It will be interesting to notice how much information we shall be able to gather during the coming sun-spot period upon the vexed question of the connection between these solar cyclones and the weather.

IT is declared to be a fact that the state of Tennessee was carried for CLEVELAND last year by systematic frauds in seven of the western counties. While East Tennessee showed a Republican gain of 9,556 over 1884, the seven manipulated counties in Western Tennessee show a Democratic gain of 8,575 over 1884, and a Republican loss of 4,417. The United States grand jury sitting at Memphis indicted 160 citizens for election frauds. The inmates of the jail in Memphis were taken out by the Democrats and voted at various places, the convicts going from one district to another. In the manipulated counties ballot boxes were removed and stuffed or the votes changed before counting. Poll books were written up to order, and every other devilry that could be used to subvert the will of a free people was unhesitatingly resorted to. This is the Southern idea of the sanctity of the ballot. Every Congressional seat in the western counties of Tennessee should be contested when Congress meets.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* pungently remarks that the Shah of Persia, who is visiting that country, is immoral enough to be an English nobleman.

BE QUICK!

Be quick in getting up your clubs of three-months' subscribers to THE BLADE so that their subscriptions may all begin with the number for July 25, containing the first instalment of Mr. LOCKE'S new story. The demand will be great, and we may not be able to supply back numbers but a short time. If you have not yet sent for special club terms, do so *at once.*

THE NEW STATES IN CONGRESS.

It behooves the Republicans of the four new states to be up and doing, for BRICE and his fellows of the Democratic National committee are credited with a design to steal the votes of two or three of them. Why? To obtain control of the Fifty-first Congress, as yet unorganized. There is a bare possibility that this can be done by the infernal methods that have made Democratic party politics a name of reproach among all honest men. Let us look at the situation in Congress as it stands to-day:

In the last House there were 325 members, of whom 163 made a quorum. As the new House stands to-day, 164 Republicans and 160 Democrats hold certificates of election, with one unfilled seat. The four new states will elect five Representatives this fall—South Dakota two, and North Dakota Montana and Washington one each. When they are chosen the House will have 330 members, and it will require 166 to make a quorum.

It will not do to let the election of a single Representative of these five to go to the Democrats through any supineness on the part of the Republicans. South Dakota, Montana and Washington are the prizes that BRICE and his confreres are playing for. It is to be remembered that BRICE is a railroad man, and as shrewd a one as ever built a parallel line or wrecked a road. If he can get the railroads to join hands with him, on the promise of favorable legislation in the coming Congress, if it is delivered over to the Democrats, there is danger ahead.

There is a margin to work on in the dispute and discussion that attend the constitutional conventions, and the enmities engendered in the struggles for the state capital. Should BRICE be able to carry these three states, the House would be a tie, and legislation on any subject that involves political matters would be at standstill for two years. And if the state legislatures should elect Democratic Senators, the upper house of Congress would be lost to the Republicans. It is time to be up and working. BRICE understands the power of money, and in this case he can command all he desires. Let not the Republicans lose the Congress through stupid inaction.

GROVER MIXING IN.

It is said that GROVER CLEVELAND is taking a deep interest in the Ohio campaign this year. He hates FORAKER for the latter's course during the rebel flag episode, and he is very anxious that the governor shall be defeated, if it can be compassed. The ponderous ex-President has an idea that CAMPBELL can make a better race than any other Democrat, and hence is anxious that he shall be nominated. At a called conference in New York the other day, CLEVELAND and CAMPBELL, WHITNEY, FAIRCHILD, HOADLY, and a few other political lights, discussed behind closed doors the Ohio situation, and it is said the "Butler pony" received the strongest assurance of support for nomination and election. It is also declared that

At the proper time Cleveland will make known to his partisans in Ohio that he favors the election of Campbell if it is clearly possible, and he may make it convenient to pass through the state during the campaign so that it can be arranged for him to stop off and make a couple of speeches. This, it is thought, will have the effect of healing up all the differences that now exist and even Al Thurman will be expected to throw up his hat for Campbell.

If the ex-President does not visit the state he will at least imitate his example in the Fellows case and write a letter indorsing Campbell, which will be made public at the proper time. So great is Mr. Cleveland's bump of self-esteem that he imagines such a course on his part will have the effect of carrying Campbell through.

To Calvin S. Brice is given the credit of engineering this reconciliation. Brice has a claim on Cleveland for having rallied his purse-strings in the dust last year, and this, coupled with the latter's burning desire to head off Governor Foraker, made the task an easy one. Brice represented to Cleveland that Campbell was the only Democrat who stood a ghost of a show of carrying the state, and that he (Cleveland) could not afford to throw a straw in his path.

At this same conference the money question was discussed, and Mr. Cleveland's friends agreed to raise a handsome fund to be placed at the disposal of the Ohio Democratic managers. Brice is to have a clear field for the Senatorship, in case the voters ratify this bargain, and he will be expected to put up the necessary fund to debauch the close counties and senatorial districts.

CONTESTED SEATS IN THE HOUSE.

When the new Congress meets, whether regularly in December, or earlier in called session, there will be at least sixteen contests over seats in the House of Representatives. Nearly all of them are in Southern districts, and in nearly every case it is the Democrat who holds the certificate of election. This fact will intensify a naturally partisan bitterness, and make the already complicated Southern problem still more complicated and tangled. With a small Republican majority in the House, there will of course be a temptation to increase it as much as possible, while on the other hand the Democrats will be tempted to resort to all sorts of partisan devices to defeat the Republican contestants without regard to reason or justice.

The Republicans, however, are determined that every case shall be decided on its merits. In several contests, notably the two in West Virginia, the evidence is so overwhelmingly in favor of the Republicans that no valid reason can be furnished why the two Bourbons from that state whose seats are contested should retain their places. But in these instances, as in the others, the Republicans will act deliberately and fairly. But no cry of "resurrecting the bloody shirt" or "reviving the passions and prejudices of the war era" will be able to deter the Republicans from doing full and exact justice in every instance. We have come to a point in our history when the safety of our institutions demand that men whose certificates of election to seats in the House of Representatives have been secured by bulldozing and fraud should be denied the seats thus obtained; and the sooner the South finds that it must deal fairly if it desires representation, the sooner the "Southern problem" will reach a settlement.

THE detection of the proceedings of SQUIRES, the clerk of Commissioner TANNER, in having pension cases in charge of one particular pension attorney made "special," has had one good result. There are to be no more "special" cases, and the claim agents who are advertising that they have made arrangements by which they were to secure special favors, are met with an order that if they persist in their applications to have cases marked "special" they will be debarred from practice before the department. The order which Secretary NOBLE has sent to Commissioner TANNER in the absence of the latter is that no cases are to be made special, except where the applicant is in great destitution or at the point of death, and then that cause for the advance must be presented in writing and be of such a character as would satisfy the other worthy claimants whose claims precede it, should they know the facts, that such action is proper.

THERE is some complaint of dull business, but the merchants who advertise seem to be doing well just the same.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

The department of Agriculture has just issued a 400 page volume on this notable bird, whose rapid spread and multiplication "has grown to be a serious problem in economic science," to quote the words of the chief ornithologist of the department. This elaborate volume makes it clear that the sparrow is a nuisance, to be gotten rid of by any and all means, and at any cost. The sparrows are a heavy tax on the farmer, without any compensating advantage. The amount of grain consumed by them in favorable localities is simply enormous. The history of its introduction into America is as follows:

Some forty years ago, the shade-trees in the Eastern cities were seriously injured by the multiplicity of insect pests, particularly the "measuring worm," which swarmed over them by thousands and tens of thousands. The native birds had all been killed or driven away, and the worms, not being diminished in numbers by them, throve apace. It was suggested that the English sparrow is a city bird, and would save the trees by destroying the worms. Hence, in 1850, Hon. NICHOLAS PIKE and other directors of the Brooklyn institute imported eight pair into Brooklyn. From then on the birds were brought over in sets of a dozen or a score, New England receiving her first lot in 1854.

From 1875 to the present time the marvelous rapidity of the sparrow's multiplication, the surpassing swiftness of its extension, and the prodigious size of the area it has overspread are without parallel in the history of any bird. Like a noxious weed transplanted to a fertile soil, it has taken root and become disseminated over half a continent before the significance of its presence has come to be understood. The explanation of this phenomenal invasion must be found in part in the direct assistance given by man in carrying it from place to place intentionally; in part in the peculiar impetus usually given prolific species when carried to a new country where the conditions for existence are in every way favorable; and in part in its exceptional adaptability to a diversity of physical and climatic conditions. This adaptability has enabled it not only to endure alike the tropical heat of Australia and the frigid winter of Canada, but to thrive and become a burdensome pest in both of these widely-separated lands.

In ten years, it is estimated, the progeny of a single pair will be 33,614. The checks on the increase of the sparrow are climate, food, disease and natural enemies. Probably the most useful member of the latter class is the Northern shrike, which visits most of our Northern cities in winter and feeds freely on the sparrow. At one time this shrike became so abundant on the Common and Public Garden in Boston that it threatened to destroy all the sparrows, but the short-sighted authorities kept a man busy in shooting the shrikes until several dozen had been killed, and the useless sparrows were considered safe. The blue-jay, the crow, blackbird or purple grackle, the sparrow hawk and the screech owl, also prey upon the sparrow.

The report of the Agricultural department submits the following recommendation to state legislative bodies:

(1) The immediate repeal of all existing laws which afford protection to the English sparrow.

(2) The enactment of laws legalizing the killing of the English sparrow at all seasons of the year, and the destruction of its nests, eggs and young.

(3) The enactment of laws making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both—(*a*) to intentionally give food or shelter to the English sparrow, except with a view to its ultimate destruction; (*b*) to introduce or aid in introducing it into new localities; (*c*) to interfere with persons, means or appliances engaged in, or designed for its destruction or the destruction of its nests, eggs or young.

(4) The enactment of laws protecting the grackle, or blackbird, the hawk bird, the sparrow hawk and the screech owl, which species feed largely on the English sparrow.

(5) The enactment of laws providing for the appointment, at least once a year, by boards of civil office, preferably by the game constable, where such officer exists, in each town and village, who shall serve without additional compensation, and whose duty it shall be to destroy or bring about the destruction of English sparrows in the streets, parks and other places where the use of firearms is not permitted. In the larger towns and cities this office might be well imposed upon the commissioner of Public Parks.

THE RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

It is a fact which is passed over in absolute silence by our Democratic brethren of the press, that on March 4 last the railway mail service was in worse condition than it has been for a score of years past. The changes made by the Republican administration were a necessity, if the service was to be made efficient at once. Superintendent BELL, in speaking of this matter recently, said that, of eleven division superintendents, only two were competent, and the efficiency of the subordinate employes was not much greater. He gave statistical details of the ineffective work of this service as he found it, and added that the report of the late Postmaster General showed that the service was "terribly demoralized," and that he has evidence that the real state of affairs was worse than the report showed.

Mr. BELL also brings the figures to prove that the efficiency of this service had decreased 34 per cent during the years from 1885 to 1888, while in the preceding three years, from 1882 to 1885, it had increased 46 per cent. In the first division, comprising the six New England states, the efficiency was decreased 39 per cent. In the second division, comprising the middle states, the decrease was 40 per cent. In the third division, Western Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and the District of Columbia, the decrease of efficiency was 46 per cent; and in the fourth division, of the more Southern states, it was 41 per cent. In only one division, the extreme West, was there an increased rate of efficiency. The largest proportionate decrease of efficiency, he says, was in the Southern states, where the clean sweep of Republican officials was first begun and soonest completed.

The plain logic of this matter has forced itself upon the attention of the people as none other of the attempts of the Cleveland regime to give over the civil service of the country to the Democrats has. The wretched character of the railway mail service during the recent administration cost every business man who is forced to depend upon the efficiency of the mails more than can be estimated, and was a constant annoyance to everybody. The administration is laboring to restore the service to the standard of efficiency the Democrats destroyed, and the attempt to make it appear that the civil service is being debauched thereby is rather more asinine and futile than the average mugwump wail. The people demand good service, and the administration took the quickest and best way to furnish it.

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

We desire to send sample copies of THE BLADE to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce THE BLADE *everywhere.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Tribune* takes occasion to correct recent bold assertions by the New York *Evening Post* that the British government has abandoned subsidies to British steamships. It was hardly necessary to make the correction, as the fact is so well known to the contrary. The system of subsidies is an integral part of the commercial policy of Great Britain, and her supremacy in trade is due largely to it.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

The Crowning Literary Labor of the Late D. R. Locke's Life

To be Given to the Readers of the Toledo Blade,

BEGINNING ON JULY 25.

It Will be the Long-Expected "Great American Novel."

A Typical American Novel by a Typical American Author.

We are able to announce definitely that we shall begin the publication of the crowning literary work of the late D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby"), in the Weekly BLADE of July 25—two weeks from this issue.

The title of the story is "The Demagogue," and its scene is laid in Northwestern Ohio, opening some forty years ago with the birth of the hero in a miserable log-cabin in that then largely undeveloped region. The story is the life-history of this boy, the son of an ignorant, poor and drunken father and a slatternly mother. Gifted by nature with fine talents, he conquers an education despite the obstacles in his path, as a means to his material advancement. The boy sees, in the community around him, that the men of most influence and of the highest standing among their fellows, are those possessing money, and determines to become wealthy in order to be able to obtain influence. His school career and his apprenticeship in a country printing office, are sketched with that absolute fidelity to the reality which was so characteristic of the famed author's "Nasby" letters. The hero's character, warped by his early life and low station, and its gradual development along selfish lines when he reached manhood's years, is pictured with the faithfulness of a photograph. It is a study from life, drawn by a master-hand.

The hero, in his morbid craving for power and position, is irresistibly attracted toward a political career. He studies law and enters politics, and his ambition becomes centered on reaching the Presidency itself. His methods as a politician give pertinence to the title of the story—"The Demagogue." The political scenes are literally drawn from life, and in more than one case there are men of national reputation who will recognize the events narrated as strictly true, the veil of fiction being drawn only over the names of the participants. The hero's political career begins just before the outbreak of the great civil war, and those who recall the intensity of feeling then existing can realize dimly the magnificent use Mr. LOCKE made of the opportunities it presented for the vivid delineation of such a career.

Every character in the story is a clear-cut, sharply-defined personality. The old backwoods doctor; the kind old farmer who gave the hero his first lift in life, through the childish championship of his golden-haired little daughter; the law clerk who first fathomed the real nature of the hero, and who, for the love of a woman, kept on his track with the pertinacity and deadly purpose of a bloodhound on the trail; the family into which the hero married, in order to better his own fortunes; the unloved wife; are each an individual study, and pass before the reader, not as half-seen, shadowy forms, but as living, breathing entities, whom you are compelled to recognize as being human in every sense of the word. Mr. LOCKE had a very wide experience among men; he was a student of human nature, and he draws their excellencies, their nobler traits, with as kindly and truthful hand as he is pitiless in depicting baseness and hypocrisy and the evil which is blended with the good in humanity.

This story, in depicting the history of the man whose career named it "The Demagogue," and the other characters, though hardly inferior in importance, however, whose lives are involved in that career, comes nearer to being "the great American novel" than any work yet written. The manuscript is now being read and revised by a friend of Mr. LOCKE, with whom the latter had often discussed the story. No changes whatever will be made in it, save they should be necessary to preserve the unities of time and place.

"The Demagogue" will be published in the columns of THE BLADE, beginning in July. It is the only unpublished manuscript from D. R. LOCKE'S pen in existence, and it is safe to say that upon it he spent more time and labor than upon anything else that he ever wrote. He desired it to take the post of honor among American novels, and we have no doubt that it will be awarded that position through its own intrinsic merits. It is strong, true to life, and distinctively American. It is, in fact, "the great American novel."

Look out for it in the Weekly BLADE of July 25.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

A BLADE subscriber, living in BRECKINRIDGE'S district in Arkansas, writes as follows on the political situation there since the atrocious murder of Col. CLAYTON while collecting evidence in his contest for the seat now held by BRECKINRIDGE:

This Congressional district, which C. R. Breckinridge represents, gave 2,800 Republican majority at a recent election for Supreme Judges. The blood of Col. Clayton cries out from the ground, "Resign!" The 2,800 Republican majority says "Resign!"

But BRECKINRIDGE is not honest enough to resign, and appeals to the people of the district.

THERE never was a more notable celebration of Independence Day than this year in the West. It was the day set by Congress for the assembling of constitutional conventions in North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington, and the people showed their appreci

UP TO DEER PARK.

HARRISON'S SUMMER OUTING

A Batch of Lively Gossip from the National Capital by the Blade's Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9.—(Special.)—I was talking yesterday with a gentleman who had been up to attend the commencement exercises at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va. This is called the "West Point" of the South, and now its pupils come from all points in the section which was once thought to be the Southern confederacy. Although the war has been over for a quarter of a century nearly, and although the orators of the South, whenever they speak in the North, assert that the issues of that horrible contest are fully accepted, and that now this is one country with one flag, it is curious to note that whenever these orators talk for home consumption they invariably glorify the devotion to their state and the cause which was lost on the part of the brave Southern soldiers who fell upon the battlefield.

I would not depreciate in the slightest degree the valor of those who fought against us, but I do object to the glorification of the cause for which they fought. And yet that seems to be the theme upon which the Southern orators grow most eloquent. That and states' rights are the two subjects upon which they most dilate and expend their choicest rhetoric. It was so at Lexington, according to the report of my friend, and even Mr. Henry Grady, the silver-tongued orator from Georgia, grew most eloquent in paying a tribute to those who had shed their blood in devotion to the Old Dominion. The grand trouble with the Southern people is that they won't admit that they were wrong in attempting to disrupt the Union. They acknowledge that, as things have turned out, they are better off than if they had been permitted to establish their Confederacy, for now they are protected by the very government they sought to destroy, and for four years they had the control of its affairs.

It is not promotive of harmony and the obliteration of sectional feeling to teach their young men the same states' rights heresy that caused all the difficulty 25 years ago. And yet that is just what they are doing. No man can attain any prominence in Southern affairs unless he was a Confederate soldier or was an active supporter of the doctrine of secession; and, according to the present outlook, when those who were actual participants in the events of the rebellion have died, preference in the matter of local or national honor will be given to their sons, rather than to men who have gone to the south since the war to aid in its development and regeneration.

To Provide for Fitz Lee.

The action of the alumni of this military institute in selecting a superintendent is a proof of what I have said. Old Gen. Smith, who has taken it from the time when it had but eight students, who had to sleep in one room, and who had a hard time to get sufficient food because the institution was so poor, and who has built it up to what it now is, with its substantial and commodious buildings and its large number of students, is to be pushed aside now when he ought to be allowed to reap the fruits of his arduous labors in the case which is found in managing an institution which is so perfectly regulated and so generally prosperous that it practically manages itself.

And why is he to be set aside? Simply to provide a good soft berth for Fitzhugh Lee to drop into when he shall no more be governor of Virginia. Fitz Lee has got to be taken care of. He has no money, and he is not much of a man, but he is the nephew of his uncle, he is a Lee, and he must be taken care of.

A competitor of Gov. Lee for the position was Scott Sipe, the present commandant of the institute, who is one of its graduates and who has devoted all his energies since then to the perfection of the military drill and discipline of its students. He made the remark that if after this long number of years the institute has not produced one of its own graduates sufficiently competent to become its own superintendent and manage its affairs, it had better shut its doors and abandon may further attempt to instruct scholars. But Sipe is not a Lee, and he will be left when the selection comes to be made.

The beauty of the whole thing in this matter of choosing a superintendent lies in the fact that the board that is to make the selection was appointed by Gov. Lee himself. That's the way they run things in Virginia, under the Democratic rule. It is not improbable that at the next election the Republicans will carry the state, but even if the Democrats succeed, Fitz Lee will not be their candidate, and so the effort is being made to saddle him off on the Military Institute.

Women in Government Office.

Woman is coming to be an important factor in the government service. From the time when old Gov. Spinner employed a lot of women to cut bank notes apart because they could handle the scissors more rapidly than men, the fair sex have become a part of the civil force in the departments and generally they have proved efficient in every position where they have been placed. In some instances they are far more expert than men and they have become an absolute necessity. As counters of money they cannot be excelled and many of these counters can tell at a glance as their fingers fly over the bills sent back to the treasury for redemption when a counterfeit is reached. They throw out the bad note, and an examination of it by the male officials usually confirms their judgment. As clerks women are steadily reaching the higher grades, and in many instances they have attained the rank of head of division. In many cases women have developed high executive ability and manage a large force of subordinates with skill and discretion. In the bureau of engraving and printing the heads of the examining, numbering and surface printing divisions are all women, and in every instance the superintendent has reached her present position from having entered the bureau as a press girl, or one who feeds the presses of the plate printers.

I have been led to these remarks about the efficiency of women in the government service by the fuss made in some of the Democratic newspapers over the fact that Mr. Morgan, the new commissioner of Indian affairs, has appointed his wife as his private secretary. There's nothing wrong about that. They have no children and she has been in the habit of assisting her husband in his business. She knows his methods and can be of more service to him than any one else he could select. Besides, the position is a confidential one and there is no one in whom the commissioner could repose greater confidence than his wife.

A point has been also made against the appointment, as special agent, of Mrs. Dorchester, the wife of an Indian agent. Indeed, the department hesitated about making this appointment, as it is the first of kind that has ever gone to a woman. I understand, however, that now the department is very well satisfied with her ability to perform her work. In one case that she have tigated, there was a charge of immorality against some of the Indian girls, and the fact that the special agent was a woman, gave her an opportunity to sift the matter thoroughly, which a man could not have done.

Commissioner of Pensions Tanner, has appointed his daughter as his private secretary, and I understand she is satisfactorily performing her duties. The probability is that if Mr. Tanner listens to his daughter, for a woman's intuitions are always keener than those of a man, he will soon rid himself of a clique of employes who, when Gen. Black was in office were Democrats and todied to him, but who have suddenly become Republicans under this administration, and are trying to get on the right side of the Corporal.

A Prickly Conscience Fund Contributor.

Liberality in religious matters has advanced to a point which, twenty-five years ago, would have been horrifying even to the non-church goer; new beliefs have sprung up and are popular, and societies without creeds or foundation are numerous and flourishing; but the power of "the still, small voice" continues to exert itself without abatement and just as successfully as it ever did. For years you may disregard the promptings of conscience, but the time will come when you must hear what it has to say. In one of the local papers on Friday last was the following paragraph:

"Rev. Father P. J. Garrigan, of this city, to-day handed to Treasurer Huston the sum of $405, which he said had been forwarded to him from Syracuse, N. Y., to be turned into the Treasury on account of 'conscience.'"

Of course no one but Father Garrigan and the sender know whose particular conscience was so troubled that it had to unburden itself to the tune of $405, but I can tell you a little story, and when you have read it you can draw your own inferences. There is in the city of Syracuse a very popular Catholic priest, pastor of a large congregation. This priest was not and is not a rich man, so a few years ago he planted tobacco in some little ground in his care and raised quite a crop of superior "Indian weed." When it had been properly cured he proceeded to roll it into cigars, and in order that the work might progress more speedily he enlisted the services of a number of his choir-boys and acolytes. The cigar factory was up in the belfry of the church, and here, at night, the reverend tobacconist superintended the work of his impressed child-labor. For at least two years this continued, and it was known to a great many of the residents of Syracuse. A favored few could purchase boxes of choice "smokes" from his reverence, but the sales were conducted in such a roundabout fashion that it seemed as if both the cigars and money were gifts. A few weeks ago this same priest was dangerously ill, sick almost unto death. A strong constitution and careful nursing brought him back from the shadowy valley, and it was during convalescence that wily conscience got in its diplomatic work. Syracuse papers, of as late date, chronicle the public opening of a Catholic congregation over the complete restoration to health of their pastor, and the presentation to the pastor of a purse containing the sum of $1,000, which the recipient said was the first large sum of money he ever had in his possession.

The Tenure of Office.

Just now there is a good deal of discussion on the subject of tenure of office, so far as it affects the rank and file of government employes. To the great mass of American people this is a matter of no particular moment, but to the business men of the city of Washington it means a great deal. A clean sweep in the departments at each change of administration would mean that the local merchants would have to commence business anew every time the political complexion of the ruling power underwent transformation. While in many respects the spoils system is not without its advantages, there can no longer be any sound argument against fixity of tenure. Merit and not politics should control in the employment of a man or woman whose duties are purely clerical, and when the government secures a desirable employe it ought not to allow him to be harrassed and demoralized with dreams by night and visions by day in all of which he is invariably being discharged because he is either a Republican or a Democrat, or neither. Fixety of tenure will tend to convert a numerous and intelligent element of this city's population from transitory guests into property-owning, reasonably-permanent citizens.

Will Take a Trip.

The President has decided that the time has arrived when the public business will not suffer by reason of his absence from the White House, and in a few days, probably on Saturday, he will go to Deer park to join Mrs. Harrison, who is enjoying the pure mountain air at that delightful resort.

Then for about two months the President will be absent from this city about five days a week.

To the ardent office-seekers this will be a decided disappointment, but no one else will criticise the President.

Washington is a very pleasant place to dwell in, even under the July or August sun. But the President needs a change. He has worked incessantly, save for a few brief trips down the river, and has fairly earned all the holiday he will get.

FRANK T. HOWE.

Senator Evarts Crushed.

Mr. Evarts relates, with much zest, a little story of his adventures with the dignified and important clerk of the State department. On his way to call on Secretary Blaine the other day he wished to make some inquiry, and as he was passing through the corridor accosted a young man whom he thought he had seen in the department, saying to him: "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you not a clerk in the State department?" The young person thus addressed stopped short, gazed at the great statesman who was once the head of the department, and whose fame is as broad as the two hemispheres, and in a tone in which disgust was mixed with wounded pride, replied: "No, sir, I am not. I am not a clerk in the State department. I am an attache of the foreign office." Senator Evarts was so astounded by this display of dignity and Anglomania that he says he actually forgot the inquiry which he intended making of the young person, and walked on quite crushed.

The Fair Sex.

When two women are bosom friends or deadly enemies, you may always ask, "Where is the man?"

Women live and die by their passion. Men kill their passions, but not themselves.

The love of certain women is deadly; but most men become accustomed to it, as they do to slow poison.

Some men take women as they take champagne; others indulge in them as they do in absinthe.

The lives of women can be divided into three epochs: They dream of love; they experience it, and they regret it.

Woman's virtue is like her beauty. One can not define its beginning nor its end.—*To-Day.*

Victoria's Interest in Funerals.

I hear that the queen has recently been concerning herself with the arrangement of royal funerals, and that her majesty has caused a long memorandum on the subject to be drawn up, with a variety of new orders which extend to the most minute details. In future the body of a defunct male member of the royal family is to be placed in the coffin in an attire of quite different material to that worn by a deceased female, and married people are not to be treated the same as the unmarried. The queen's solicitude extends even to the making of the coffins, and there are copious directions concerning them. Embalming is absolutely prohibited.—*London Truth.*

He Had Never Fallen from a Horse.

Young Charley is taking his first riding lesson. The professor of the riding school—a gentleman with a bald head, a ferocious mustache and a pair of enormous riding boots, gave him the usual advice:

"And now, my friend, when you have had twenty lessons I will let you know my great secret. I have never fallen from a horse in my life."

Charley (hurriedly)—"Here is the price of your twenty lessons; for heaven's sake tell me your secret now."

"Thanks. I never got on one."—*Truth*

The Difference.

Small Boy—"Pa, what is the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?"

Pa—"Well, let me see if I can illustrate. You know I am often discouraged, and things don't look to me as if they'd ever go right. Well, at such times I can be said to be a pessimist. But years ago when I was a young man everything looked bright and rosy, and I was always hopeful. Then I was an optimist. Now, my son, can you understand the difference between a pessimist and an optimist?"

Small Boy—"Oh, yes; one is married and the other isn't."—*New York Weekly.*

Perfectly Satisfactory.

"Have you any work on punctuation?" she asked at the book store.

"Sorry to say we are just out."

"Well, perhaps you could tell me what I want to know. What does a mark under a word signify?"

"That is to emphasize the word."

"Oh, I see. Thank you."

And as she passed out a clerk heard her whisper to herself:

"And James put five marks under the word 'Dear!'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Opening For an M. D.

Apache county is now without a practicing physician within her borders. An extent of territory larger than the state of Massachusetts and a population of several thousand people without a doctor, is one of the peculiarities incident to life in the wild and woolly West, which would be regarded as utterly impossible by people who live in the over-medicated Eastern states.—*Tombstone, (Arizona) Epitaph.*

Well-to-Do Italians.

A steamer sailed for Italy, the other day, which had 28 Italians among the passengers, who were going home with from $3,000 to $15,000 apiece, all made in this country from the hand-organ and the "banano."

Centenarians in Chili.

The recent census of Chili shows a remarkable percentage of centenarians. The total population of the republic is 2,500,000. Of this number nearly 500 persons profess to have lived more than 100 years each.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XV.

THE DYING VOLUNTEER.

Author Unknown, Published by Request.

The guns deep thunder pealed
Over the battlefield;
Dying in youth's fair years,
Thus sang a volunteer:

CHORUS—"Oh, make my grave in the wildwood,
Where the golden waters shine,
That I may sleep in the land of my childhood,
On the banks of the rolling Rhine.

"There would a mother dear,
Pray for her volunteer,
There would a sister keep
Watch while her brother sleeps.

"Oh, now I'm in a stranger's land,
Could I feel a mother's hand
Pressed on this burning brow—
I am dying, dying, now."

They made his grave in the wildwood,
Where the golden waters shine,
Of the golden waters shine,
He now sleeps in the land of his childhood.
On the banks of the rolling Rhine.

MEMORIES OF ANDERSONVILLE.

Author unknown. Published by request.

Oh! we never can forget it
In all the years to come—
How we lingered, starved and waited
In the prison, far from home;
How at night we longed for morning,
And the morning brought despair,
As we breathed the poisonous vapor
Of the vile and stagnant air.

CHORUS:—Freezing, starving living death;
Father, can they know at home?
Oh! we never can forget it
In all the years to come.

Oh! we never can forget it—
That prison pen so bare!
Where we watched in weary silence
For the wretched, scanty fare;
For the loathsome, rancid bacon,
And the bitter, mouldy bread,
That we clutched with bloodless fingers
Like the fingers of the dead!

How we wondered, in our anguish,
If our kindred were no more!
And if that starry banner floated
Now as proudly as before.
And if father, sister, mother,
Prayed for me when they did kneel;
Thus, when thinking of our home scenes,
How the giddy brain would reel!

Oh, we never can forget it,
When the gates were opened wide,
And we saw that Union banner,
And our friends were at our side!
How we laughed and cried like children,
Though we tried to feel like men!
As we shouted in our gladness,
Home, yes, sweet, sweet home again!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble,
There is no place like home.

WELL-KNOWN LADIES.

The insect house of the Zoological society of London is said to be the only place where an attempt is made to attract public attention to the various and wonderful groups of the insect family.

Mrs. Alcorn, a widow in Morton county, Kansas, has planted this year 45 acres of corn 10 acres of rice corn, 15 acres of millet, 10 acres of sugar cane, 2 acres of trees and 4 acres of peanuts.

There has been a marked decrease of strikes within the last three years. In 1886 the number of employes involved in strikes and lockouts was 448,000, in 1887 about 345,000, and in 1888 only 211,000.

No daughter of the late Emperor Frederick has the gift of beauty. The hereditary princess of Saxe-Meiningen has handsome shoulders when seen from behind, and so gets her head painted in profile, with her back toward the painter. Princess Sophie is said to have the face of a "child staring at vacancy while it holds a spoonful of pudding in its mouth."

The wife of Count Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is, like the wives of many literary men, the busiest member of the family firm She has sole charge of the sale and distribution of her husband's books, and is his amanuensis, reviser and translator. Besides, she superintends the bringing up and education of their thirteen children, and looks after all domestic matters.

GRAIN PLANT LOUSE.

The Agricultural Department Describes its Habits and Enemies.

One of the most notable insect outbreaks that has occurred in Ohio for many years is now taking place in the grain fields of the state. The insect is one which has long been known as the grain plant louse (*siphonophora granaria*), having originally occurred in Europe, from whence it was probably introduced into this country early in its history. It has only occasionally ravaged grain fields here, and so far as our present information goes, has seldom been injurious in Ohio.

The insect is now present, however, in destructive numbers over a large portion of the state, having already seriously injured the wheat, and is now threatening an equally serious injury to oats and other grains. Last year it was present in many of the northern counties, but in comparatively small abundant to attract notice until the oats were nearly ripe.

This insect is closely related to the "gree fly" of house plants, rose bushes, etc. It is a small, greenish, or in some cases brownish insect, with or without wings, infesting the leaves and heads of plants of the grass family. It obtains its food by inserting a pointed beak into the leaf or stem and sucking out the sap. As the wheat gets ripe it migrates to the more succulent oats, and when these ripen, will go to various grasses. It brings forth living young, and its rate of multiplication is very great, it being estimated that a single louse in spring may become the ancestor of many millions before autumn.

Fortunately this insect has a great many enemies which prey upon it, and are now doing immense good in decimating its ranks. These are of various kinds, and in some places are being mistaken for foes instead of friends of the farmer. The one which is causing the most apprehension is a peculiar dark-colored, six-footed insect, generally with spots of a brighter color on its back, looking, as one person expressed it, "half worm and half bug," which is very abundant in the infested wheat fields, crawling about over the heads. These are the young or larvæ of various species of lady-bugs, or lady-beetles, and instead of attacking the wheat, as many farmers believe, is really feeding upon the lice themselves and destroying them by thousands. Another insect that is doing immense good is a very small four-winged fly that deposits an egg within the louse. This egg hatches into a grub that develops at the expense of the louse, destroying it and emerging again as a four-winged fly. The dead lice "struck" by these parasites become dull brown in color, and adhere to the leaf or stem upon which they are feeding.

Besides these, various other enemies are attacking the lice, and the indications now are that the outbreak will be so checked by the end of the season that there will be little danger of a repetition of the attack next year.

The presence of English sparrows in the wheat-fields led some to believe that they were feeding upon the lice, but an examination of stomach contents of a number shot while on wheat, showed that the grain itself was what they were after, no more lice being eaten than was necessary to get the grain.

As yet no practical artificial remedy for the grain plant-louse is known. At the station we have found that kerosene emulsion will destroy them, but the difficulty of reaching them with this substance when they occur on the under surface of the leaf or imbedded in the chaff of the head, makes the remedy hardly practical.

The injury to the wheat will be manifested by the shriveling of the grain due to the extraction of the sap necessary for its perfect development.

Floating Workshops.

The English government have just launched a floating workshop, which will accompany a fleet and carry a large equipment of torpedo boats. It will be called the Vulcan, and be of 6,620 tons burden and 12,000 horse power.

Took the Hint.

A grocer at Lexington, Ky., had a picture of the prettiest girl in town painted on the cover of his delivery wagon and her brother shot it off with a shotgun. The grocer dropped to the hint.

Not Quite Satisfied.

"You wish to marry one of my daughters? The youngest will get 15,000 marks, the second 30,000 and the oldest 45,000." "You don't happen to have one still older?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Science In China.

The Marquis Tseng, well known on account of having been Chinese ambassador to the English court, will in future control the foreign Science college in Pekin.

C. P. HUNTINGTON'S HORSES.

A Story of One Millionaire Told by Another One.

It is fun to hear one millionaire tell a story of another millionaire, says the New York *World*, and here is one of that kind. Some time ago he heard that Mr. Huntington had a couple of very handsome cobs for sale, and being in want of just that sort of thing the millionaire communicated with Mr. Huntington and asked his price. In response to the note Mr. Huntington appeared next day in the office of the would-be purchaser. He explained that the cobs were particularly fine animals, and that he would not part with them except for the reason that they were rather small; indeed, too small for himself and wife, who were rather large people. The purchasing millionaire and his wife not being large people this, of course, was no objection, and Mr. Huntington was asked to state his price. He said he wanted $1,000. Well, the millionaire had seen the cobs, and so had his coachman, and he knew that this was a pretty long price. He expressed that opinion to Mr. Huntington, and told him that if he could get down to a reasonable figure they might talk business. Mr. Huntington asked what his idea of a reasonable figure was, and the would-be purchaser said that he would give him $800 for the pair. Mr. Huntington scoffed at the offer, and said that he wouldn't entertain it for a moment, and the millionaires parted, and matters were left in this shape.

The next day Mr. Huntington reappeared and said that he had thought the matter over, and that he was willing to take $900, but the other party to the negotiation was not willing that he should have $900 of his in this transaction, at least, and stuck to his original offer of $800 for the cobs. Mr. Huntington talked for some time and expatiated on the equine excellencies which u stified the $900 price, but the millionaire wasn't at all impressed. Mr. Huntington was quite as eloquent as any auctioneer who ever held forth at Bull's Head, or any that Mr. Van Tassel had ever employed, but the eloquence failed of any effect, and Mr. Huntington again departed. He appeared again, however, and appeared and disappeared for all the days of the next week and several days of the following week, and, altogether, spent, perhaps, twelve or fourteen hours in striving to convince his customer that $900 was not too much for what he had to sell. But failing utterly in his philanthropic desire he finally said that he would take the $800 which was offered, if the purchaser would pay his coachman $25.

"But," said the other millionaire party, "I have nothing to do with your coachman."

"But," said Millionaire Huntington, "my coachman expects something, and it seems to me that if I give you the horses at your price you ought to pay him."

Well, the purchasing millionaire didn't look at it in that way. He didn't think that a coachman on wages—and he presumed that Mr. Huntington paid his wages regularly—was entitled to commissions, and he thought they had a demoralizing and corrupting influence on the stable or unstable morals of the coachman, and he thought, also, that if there were any corruption or demoralization to go forward it would have to be done with Mr. Huntington's money. These arguments were, of course, unanswerable, and Mr. Huntington having spent a number of valuable hours—because millionaires' hours must be valuable—in attempting to induce the other party in negotiation to pay $100 more than he wanted to pay, and having failed utterly accepted the check for $800, and the horses were duly transferred.

CURRENT COMMENT.

A Missouri Opinion.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ohio has had abler and more picturesque governors than Foraker, but never a more useful one. It is decidedly natural that the people of that state should be anxious to keep such a man in office as long as he will consent to remain.

Ah There, Shepardofiski!
New York Herald.

The *Mailitch Expressovitch* has mailetich arrangementsky to havich originalski lettersko fromitch Peter and Paul, Tomsk, Omsk and Smonsk.

Why Pensioners are Increasing.

The Democrats complain that the number of pensioners is increasing, and the Chicago *Journal* answers it effectively thus: "Well, as the years pass by the men who slept four years on the ground feel more and more the effect of their hardships and exposures, and are entitled to go on the pension rolls in consequence. The veterans are paying now, in an early old age and premature debility, for the drafts they made on their vital powers during the war."

Living Ex-Mistresses of the White House.
Troy Times.

The death of Mrs. Hayes leaves but five women living whose husbands were at any time Presidents of the United States. These are Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Cleveland. There are two other women still alive who also acted as mistresses of the Presidential mansion—Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson and Mrs. McElroy. The former, who was the niece of James Buchanan, did the social honors for our only bachelor President, while Mrs. McElroy acted in a similar capacity for her widowed brother, Chester A. Arthur, when he was in the White House. Only two ex-Presidents are living—Rutherford B. Hayes and Grover Cleveland.

Major McKinley.

Replying to a question by the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, as to why Major McKinley should not be made Sherman's senatorial colleague, the New York *Sun* says:

Because he hasn't got through with the House of Representatives. He has had an enviable career there already, but it is lacking in completeness. Besides, the wise man, on whom neither age nor indolence has yet laid its debilitating grip, will always prefer the free fight of the House to the decorum and sluggishness of the Senate. If McKinley had been in the Senate during the last five years, would he have stood out before the country as the powerful statesman that he is?

What Gen. Fisk Thinks.

General Clinton B. Fisk, late third party candidate for president, says of the defeat of prohibition in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island: "After all, the contest has not been so much between the saloonkeepers' party and the prohibitionists as between the prohibition party and the high licensa. Until the high license craze has run itself out there is little to be hoded for by prohibitionists."

They Are Experience-Proof.
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Democratic spavined political equine in Ohio has not yet been trotted out, but the boss jockeys are all the same boasting of Gov. Foraker's defeat. Experience don't seem to each Ohio Democrats anything worth mentioning.

Civil Service Reform in the Pulpit.
Boston Transcript.

The proposition to clergymen to preach sermons in advocacy of civil service reform on Thanksgiving Day has elicited a gratifying response, as will be seen by the following list of those who have already signified their purpose of adjocating this reform on the day named on its moral side, and as a necessary means for saving our federal, state and municipal governments from inefficiency and corruption.

Then follows a long list of distinguished divines, bishops, professors, etc., of New England and the Atlantic states.

"This Piracy Must Stop."
New York Press.

So says Secretary Blaine of the international book-stealing business that would have been broken up this year if the Democratic House had passed the Chase international copyright bill, as the Republican Senate did.

As one of the most persistent advocates of international copyright during the term of the Fiftieth Congress, the *Press* welcomes Secretary Blaine to the front rank of the cause. He is an American author himself, and he can help the cause to win. "This piracy must stop."

Private Dalzell predicts that Gov. Foraker will be inaugurated President March 4, 1893.

Improve "Walking" Horses.
Ohio State Journal.

Now, why didn't somebody think of this before? The Sussex, N. Y., Agricultural society has offered a hundred dollar premium for "the best and fastest walking team of horses to be driven in farm harness to farm wagons." A trotting, pacing, or running horse is of but little value to a farmer. In doing all kinds of farm work and hauling his horses walk, and a fast-walking as compared with a slow-walking team would save him hundreds of dollars annually. Let us have premiums for the fastest walking horses at all our fairs.

True for You!

The Grand Rapids *Telegram-Herald* thinks that Minister Whitelaw Reid is a pronounced success as a representative abroad of the American government. His speech at the celebration in Paris on the Fourth was admirably calculated to advance him in the favor of the French press and public.

It Isn't a Dime Museum.
Philadelphia Press.

The serious desire of the Illinois Democracy to send the venerable Gen. John M. Palmer to the United States Senate is probably based upon a misunderstanding. The Illinois Democrats should be advised that the Senate of the United States is a legislative body, and not a mere storage house for the preservation of political antiquities.

Mrs. J. Ellen Fisher, speaking of the agitation the liquor men are trying to get up with the object of re-submitting the question of Prohibition to the people of Iowa, says: "Some people pretend that the defeat of Prohibition in Eastern states has changed the sentiments of the people of Iowa on this question. But it is not true. It is only the old-time enemies of Prohibition who are now beginning to agitate this matter of re-submission. The fact that Pennsylvania and Massachusetts were not ready for Prohibition, and that money and political trickery were strong in Rhode Island, cannot be supposed to change the minds of Iowa people on this question. It may give new courage to old-time enemies, and it is also going to give new courage to its old-time friends."

Waste of Human Life.
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Col. George E. Waring, in a paper read before the Medical association at Newport last week, claimed that the death rate of eighteen to 1,000 in this country was one-third too high, and that by proper sanitary regulations the death rate could be reduced to twelve to the 1,000. This means an unnecessary loss of life in this country, amounting to 360,000 lives every year.

The Norristown *Times* says that "the tariff deliverance of the Ohio Republicans deserves to be publicly proclaimed in every city, village and hamlet of the country. It comprises a whole patriotic oration in itself."

Clayton's Murder.
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The New York *World* is trying to demonstrate that the Democratic party is not responsible for the murder of Col. John M. Clayton in Arkansas last winter. The *World* ought to help find the murderers before it begins to sponge off the skirts of the Democratic party in Arkansas.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A Sketch of People Unknown to the Rest of the World.

It was early in the morning of a perfect April day that we went down the road that leads to the banks of the Bullskin—a creek that traverses a part of Eastern Kentucky—writes a correspondent of the Washington *Star*. It was a charming ride through the mists and shadows of the early morning. Our destination was the house of an old man named Barger. It was a quaint old place, much cleaner than the houses in that country usually are, with the remarkable luxury of an "up stairs." Old Mrs. Barger was preparing dinner when we arrived, and we sat down to dine at 10 o'clock in the morning. We told the family that we dined at home about eight hours later than that, but they would not believe it.

In the evening I joined the group sitting about the fire waiting for supper. They were "the boys," come in from the farm work with several neighbors who had been helping. Darkness had fallen and the men about the fire were silent and sedate as only a group of mountaineers can be. The silence was suddenly broken by the entrance of a hale, hearty old man, whom all the party addressed as grandpap and treated with great respect. The old man placed himself with the utmost care on a stool near the fire and waited until Mrs. Barger had resumed her work at the fire and the men had gone back to chewing their "long cut" and to silence; then he looked about him with an air of enjoyment and slowly remarked:

"I know I'm going to leave this creek."

"Sol Simpson has done beat Joe Baker's wife all to pieces with a fence rail, and run off and lef' her fur dead." Various exclamations came from all sides, while I sat by and listened to the details of what seemed to me to be a shocking assault. Grandpap explained with slow care how the quarrel originated with the "dawgs and the hawgs," and finally concluded by repeating: "I tell ye, I'm goin' to leave the creek; it ain't safe." Mrs. Barger returned to her bacon with the astute observation, "Wall, that beats my time," and took no further part in the conversation, but the men were thoroughly aroused and discussed the outrage with solemn eagerness. One tall fellow, who seemed to be a man of some importance, reached quite a fever of excitement, and all the little circle stopped to listen when he delivered his opinion. "A man ain't no right to beat a woman with a fence rail. A man shouldn't beat none of my women folks with a fence rail. If Bud Simpson wanted to beat Tildy Baker why didn't he take his fist and beat her? A man ain't no right to beat a woman with a fence rail. He orter to have took his fist."

The party all agreed that punishment with the fist was the proper mode for women, and silence soon reigned again.

Publishers' Column.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

We have a few more copies of the above engraving on hand. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
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Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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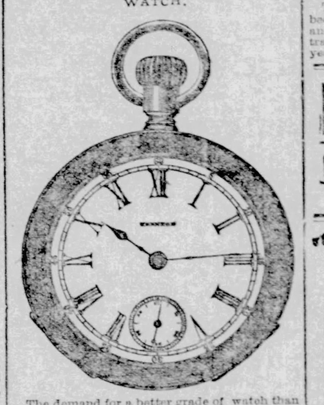
The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with the BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with the BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 15 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $15, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munkacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on th throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

GOOD BOOKS

Published by the Toledo Blade Co.

REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

HANNAH JANE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill. Retail price, $1.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.75.

SWINGIN' ROUND THE CIRKLE," by Nasby paper. Retail price, 50c. Will mail copy postpaid, for 25c., or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.10.

"EKKO S FROM KENTUCKY," by Nasby; "ABOU BEN ADHEM," by D. R. Locke; "A PAPER CITY," novel by D. R. Locke; same prices and terms with one without BLADE as "SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE."

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," cloth, 600, pp. Retail price, $2.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $2.00.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by Miss Emily S. Boutne, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year, for $1.80.

Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, O

Fearfully Deaf.

P. T. Barnum tells a story of how he was one day walking beside a railroad track, with a man who was very hard of hearing.

A train was approaching, and as it rounded the curve the whistle gave one of those nerve-destroying shrieks that seem to pierce high heaven. A smile broke over the deaf man's man's face.

"That is the first robin," said he, "that I have heard this spring."—*New York Mirror.*

Retaliation.

Irishman (to English Capitalist)—If you don't stop buying American breweries, we will boycott your stuff and ruin you.

English Capitalist—We dare you to do it! Then we will buy up your distilleries, too, and make you come down on your knees for a drink of whisky!—*Puck.*

Hard on the Lawyer.

"I have met this man," said a great lawyer the other day, "in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen." And for a minute he couldn't understand why everybody laughed so uproariously.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The sceptre of an Egyptian king has been examined chemically by Prof. Berthelot, and proves to be nearly pure copper, with only traces of lead. It is supposed to be about 6,000 years old.

IF YOU DO YOUR OWN HOUSEWORK, you know how hard it is to wash clothes. Why don't you get an Empire Wringer and do your washing easily? This is not so when an

Empire Wringer

Is Used. CONSTRUCTED ON SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, it turns with half the power required by other machines. The crank is not a detached rubber roll and saves the buttons on the sleeves. It is always ready for use. All other wringers are out of gear when heavy clothes are between the rolls. It needs no oil and does not rust the clothes. The crank can be turned either way. EMPIRE. It Never Gets Out of Order. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Send for Circulars and Terms. Address EMPIRE WRINGER CO., AUBURN, N. Y.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR

HOME TALKS.

A WOMAN OF GREAT LEARNING,

Who Made Herself the Peer of the World's Scientists.

"Her lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought."

LARGE-BRAINED, quiet, self-controlled woman, who cared more for natural phenomena than for peoples, a woman full of courage and persistency, and where principle was concerned, unyielding as the granite; without prejudices, kindly, benevolent and uncompromisingly just; such was Maria Mitchell, one of the most distinguished astronomers this country has ever produced, who lifted the veil between the seen and unseen worlds, and passed beyond its folds that hide her from mortal eyes, just a week ago yesterday. Her name has long been counted among those whose scholarly accomplishments have distinguished them among their fellows, but now that it is to pass into history, as of one whose work is done, women especially will like to gather around it the facts that will make it stand for more than a single thought, facts which will be to them an assurance that study and persevering industry will bring happy results. Women may well be proud of

MARIA MITCHELL,

as of Mrs. Somerville, who effectually disproved the assertion that the feminine brain is not equal to scientific labor.

"An exceedingly shy young girl, not fond of society, but very fond of books and study, and quite apt at writing little occasional pieces, generally in verse." This is the description given of her in early youth by a sister. Blessed with a father who know no sex in education, she received like advantages with her brothers, and was thoroughly taught navigation.

HER EARLY LIFE.

Perhaps I am hurrying my story somewhat, and should tell something of her parentage and early home. She was born within sight of the salt-sea waves whose unceasing murmur made music to her infant ear. It was at Nantucket, Mass., that her parents lived, and she was the third of a family of ten children. Poor in purse, but rich in comprehension of the real purposes of life, her father and mother found that unceasing labor and rigid economy were necessities in bringing up this brood of eager little ones. Mr. Mitchell spent a larger part of his life in teaching, though varied at seasons by other occupations. He had an inborn taste for astronomy, and he related that when he was but seven years old, his father showed him the position of the planet Saturn, which he never afterwards forgot, and which was the beginning of his own astronomical studies. While he was teaching, he fitted up a small observatory on his own land, where he did astronomical work for the United States Coast Survey, for which he received $100 a year. It was in assisting her father that Maria's thought received its strong impetus in the direction in which she won lasting honors.

The hard drudgery of a life circumscribed by such limited means was lightened by the society of literary and learned people who found their way to them, attracted by congenial tastes. Mr. Mitchell always managed to keep up his scientific pursuits, and the honorable position among the men of letters of that day which he reached and maintained, in spite of his pecuniary limitations, showed him to be a man of more than ordinary ability.

HER OCCUPATIONS.

Maria always disliked house-work and sewing, though she never neglected or shirked her share of the household duties. She loved study, especially mathematics, and early came to have a strong sympathy with her father's love of observation of "The bright stars, which Night's blue arch adorns."

She herself says that the people of her native town, Nantucket, were all more or less given to watching the heavens, partly, perhaps, because of the dreary landscape which made the sky more interesting than the surroundings, and partly because most of the men were engaged in sea-traffic, and when upon the waters were accustomed to watch the stars "in their shining courses" with absorbed interest.

After Miss Mitchell left school, feeling the need of further study she accepted the post of librarian in the Nantucket Athenæum, a position she held for twenty years. The highest salary she ever received was one hundred dollars, but she found here leisure and books to pursue the scientific researches that finally brought her world-wide recognition.

SHE DISCOVERS A COMET.

Time will not permit me to dwell upon but three of the most important eras of her life. The first of these was her discovery of a telescopic comet in 1847. She had already begun to be spoken of as a woman of large attainments and with a recognized position as an astronomer, when this result of her intelligent watchfulness of the heavens came to her. Modest as she always remained as to her own accomplishments, she only told her father, who in spite of her remonstrance, eported the fact to Mr. Bond, the director of the Cambridge observatory, and there with them the matter rested.

Sixteen years before that time the king of Denmark had promised a gold medal to the first discoverer of a telescopic comet, but to prevent imposture the difficulty of obtaining it was made considerable. Professor Bond strongly advised the father and daughter to claim it, but the latter was sure that if indeed it were a new comet, it had been seen by others as well as herself. The matter, however, came to the knowledge of Edward Everett, then president of Harvard college, who entered enthusiastically in the effort to obtain recognition of her discovery for his countrywoman, and it was only to his persistency that it was finally shown to be her rightful due. This was in spite of her failure to report by the first mail after her observation, which was one of the stipulations of the royal donor. The requirement was decided finally to have been complied with by her father's letter to Prof. Bond, and she received the award. With it came fame and an encouraged confidence in herself. Henceforward she went on with her work enthusiastically.

THE SECOND ERA.

The second important part of her life at which I want to glance is the visit which she made to Europe in 1857. Her reputation as a scientific worker had preceded her, and everywhere she was received as an honored guest by persons of distinction. Her own account of this visit is most interesting. She went to see Mrs. Somerville in Florence, then a charming old lady of 77, and her memory of the delightful hours spent with her were always most vivid. She made the acquaintance of the celebrated Dr. Whewell, of Sir John and Lady Herschel, and many other English savants. In France she visited Leverrier, and in Rome she met Frederika Bremer, whom she describes as a little woman in black, with fair complexion and pleasing expression. A visit to Berlin gave her a meeting with the celebrated astronomer, Encke, and with Alexander von Humboldt. Think what this must have meant to the quiet Massachusetts woman whose life had, thus far, been passed in the little town of Nantucket! Received and recognized as a peer by the eminent scientists of the world, her heart must have swelled with pleasure, but she returned home no whit changed from the unobtrusive, retiring person that she went.

GOES TO VASSAR.

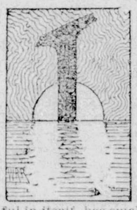
The third important era of her life was her appointment as professor of astronomy at Vassar college, Poughkeepsie. Five years previously she had removed with her father to Lynn, in order to be near Boston, and that Mr. Mitchell might enjoy the companionship which the Quaker element would there give. This home was broken up and the two removed to Vassar. Here she faithfully and successfully performed the duties of her position until last year, when failing health caused her resignation and return to the old home in Lynn. She passed away, leaving the record of a blameless, unspotted and thoroughly useful life, which should be a stimulus to all other women who would make their lives in the truest sense successful.

Of her it may be written:

"And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.



N making fancy articles as gifts to friends, it is always wise to take into consideration the surroundings in which any especial gift will find itself. The significance of such things is sometimes entirely lost by inharmony in coloring, for a thing beautiful in itself, has small value when it is out of joint with what it ought to enhance in beauty.

AN ART CLUB.—Several of THE HOUSEHOLD band have asked for directions for portrait, china painting, etc. It occurred to me it would be a good idea to form an Art club. We will begin at the beginning and work up to the portrait work. There are hundreds who paint a little, and as many who would like to, but who are unable to obtain the help of a good artist. Therefore, it is the writer's plan to write a series of articles upon painting, including portrait work in crayon, pastel and oil colors; flowers, fruit, landscape, and animals in oil; china painting in colors and monachrome, and all varieties of decorative art. In this article I will give a list of materials required, with hints upon the care of brushes, etc. Those who have a color box already, can look them over and see what new colors are required. The list below is all that will be needed to begin with. Add the second list as soon as you can. These colors are the best and most permanent. In silver white De Voe's is the best. In crementz white Schoenfeldt's is good. All colors but white should be Winsor & Newton's. Yellows—Cadmium No. 1, 2 and 3, (or lemon yellow, yellow lake. If you have chrome yellows they will do, but are not so good as cadmiums. Reds—Madder lake, crimson lake, vermilion. Blues—Cobalt, permanent and Antwerp. Browns—Raw umber, burnt sienna, Vandyke, burnt umber. Greens—Zinnober greens 1, 2 and 3 (or vena verte instead of the darkest green). Ivory black—Meglip. To these can be added from time to time the following:

Jaune brilliant, a German yellow, also Indian yellow, if you wish to paint yellow roses. Light red, pink or rose madder. (If you possess a tube of geranium lake, throw it away, for, although the color is lovely, it fades almost to white after a few months' exposure). New blue, burnt umber, raw sienna, brown madder. Next comes the brushes. If you are able, get a dozen bristle brushes, from No. 1 to 12. If not, get six, as follows: Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, and 11. Get those that seem long, thin and flat. In sables, get Nos. 1, 2, 5, and 8, and see that they have good points. Round brushes are to be preferred, but some like flat ones best. It is a matter of choice which to get. A small-sized blender and a fan brush if you wish to do landscapes. A palliette, pallette knife, bottle of poppy oil, one of sicotiff de Anteray, and one of French retouching varnish. The last three can be dispensed with in some cases. If one only wishes to do a little decorative work, they are not needed. Meglip is used to thin or mix the colors instead of oil, and it dries better, and is not liable to keep "stickey."

If one can not draw, and does not want to spend time to learn, the designs can be traced upon tissue paper, and transferred, or can be stamped. If transfer paper is not handy, hold the tissue paper up to a window, and go over the lines heavily upon the under side with a soft pencil. Lay this side upon the canvas and trace it with a sharp pointed pencil. When done painting carefully wipe the pallette perfectly clean. Wipe the brushes, and then wash them in warm soap and water until clean, rinse in cold water and press dry. Do not let them stand in water, turpentine or coal oil, as it is liable to get them bent. Sometimes when they are hard to clean dip them in ammonia, but be sure to rinse them well at once. Clean your knife well also. Sometimes we will see a book of half washed brushes, and a pallette so stuck up with dried paint that it is impossible to mix colors upon it. It is very easy to imagine what sort of work its owner does. Tin pallettes are easy to keep clean, and have the advantage of not splitting or warping.

Canvas is the best to paint upon, but as none live where it is hard to get it properly stretched, academy board or sketching paper can be used. However, most pupils prefer plaques or prepared panels. Curtain Holland is nice for small sketches or studies. It is especially good where one wishes to copy flower studies, as it can be had in various shades ready prepared to suit background. If you will take the advice of one who has had a number of years of experience, learn by all means to draw. Still, if you do not have time or inclination to learn drawing, you may still do very good work, but one who has learned drawing first is independent. Where paint is left upon the pallette when the day's work is over, place it in litttle clean piles near the edge, if you expect to use it next day. If a large amount of one color has been taken out, it can be saved by wrapping it up in a bit of tin foil. It is best to only take out a little of each color, using your judgment as to the amount required. —MONTANA MAY.

The editor hopes that all who did not preserve Mrs. Thompson's excellent directions to beginners, will cut the above out and save it.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st, close chain stiten; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet: c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch: o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

CLOVER LEAF EDGING.—No. 40 thread.—Cast on 10 stitches. Knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 2. 2d row—k 3—o t—p 2 tog—k 6. 4th row—k 6—o t—p 2 tog—k 3. 5th row—k 3—o t—p 2 tog—k 2—o t—n—o t—k 2. 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o t—p 2 tog—k 3. 7th row—k 3 o t—p 2 tog—k 1—n o plain. 8th row—k 8—o t—p 2 tog—3 plain. 9th row—k 3 o t—p 2 tog—rest plain. 10th row—k 8—o 2—p 2 tog—3 plain, 11th row—k 3—o t—p 2 tog—rest plain. 12th row—k 8—o t—p 2 tog—3 plain. 13th row—k 3—o t—p 2 tog—rest plain. 14th row—s 1—k 3—throw 3 first stitches over last one knit—k 4—o t—p 2 tog—k 3. This completes the pattern. Repeat.—SUSAN B. MCNILL.

CROCHET STITCHES AND HOW THEY ARE MADE.—1st is chain stitch (ch.); take loop on needle and draw through loop on the needle; 2d is slip stitch, (sl. st.) put the needle through the work and draw thread through work and loop on the needle at one time; 3d is single crochet, (s. c.), put needle through work, draw thread through the work, take up thread again and draw through the two loops on the hook; 4th is double crochet, (d. c.), put thread around needle, put the needle through the work, draw thread through work, take up thread, draw through 2 loops, take up thread again, and draw through the last 2 loops; 5th is treble, (tr.), throw thread twice over the needle, put needle through work, draw thread through, take up thread, draw through 2 loops on needle, take up thread and draw through 2 more, take up thread and draw through last 2 on needle; 6th, (q. c.) quadruple crochet. Throw thread over hook 3 times and work off same as you do for treble, only there are 2 more loops on the needle, taking 4 stitches to work them off. The next is sextupie crochet, and is abbreviated (sxt. c.) and is made by throwing thread over needle 4 times and working off like treble or quadruple crochet.

I do not see why each stitch of crochet should not have its own name as well as knitting stitches. I hardly think any followed these directions in crochet, and have never had any trouble picking out some very difficult patterns. If you want to make a half tr. or half g. c., or a half stitch of any kind, it looks very simple to me; if you can make the whole stitch, surely you can make it short or long by drawing the thread in longer loops or making them tighter.

A picot is made of 3, 4, 5, or as many chain stitches as you wish in the picot, and made in a loop by making a single or slip st. on the first of them. I hope I have not taken up too much room in changing a stitch. In writing out directions for crochet patterns, it should be told how to make the change at the time and place where it should be.—S. E. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PLEASANT LETTER.—I have read many articles in the HOUSEHOLD that were written by school teachers, some of which were useful and interesting, while others expressed such queer views on teaching school in the country. I began to teach when I was seventeen years of age, and like others who are following that vocation, have been compelled to live away from my home, at least a part of the time, and in the different families in which I have been a member I have always been treated with respect and consideration. I find that as long as I am agreeable and pleasant there seems to be perfect harmony between myself and the company in which I am thrown, while on the other hand, if I do not seem to care for the pleasure of other peoples' society, I most certainly am left quite alone, and I am unmolested by any one, even though I would gladly mingle with them, now that I know that my own company is worth nothing to me. I so often think of the old saying that "Life is what we make it." It sounds so pretty and sensible, too, for there surely is a world of knowledge in that little sentence. Society longs for the beautiful, brave, witty and gay; therefore, we who are teachers, surely cannot, or ought not, to sit alone and not be willing to share our company with that of others—when we have the opportunity that is offered to us more freely, we ought to say, than to any other class of workers. Of course there are exceptions; but I think that we are all included in those exceptions. I simply mean that we are all liable to have trouble while we are teaching.

I find a real enjoyment in ornamenting the high, bare walls of the school room. Any of the children are only too willing to supply you with pictures, and also to encourage them to bring odd stones and curiosities in any form, is a very good idea.

It is a very pleasant thing to see nice little story books and papers in the schoolroom. It looks as if studying in that school might be a pleasure instead of a task as some children think.

But I surely have written too much already, and yet I have let my thoughts run on a subject that is very old, but very interesting to me.

School teaching is by no means a lazy work One must be lively all the time, if he would be successful.

How I would like to show my pretty worsted quilt to the readers of the HOUSEHOLD. I am sure that it is worthy a glance from any one. The blocks are about six inches square and are pieced in the old log cabin style, although they are not set together in that way. I pieced four blocks in the center so they formed a dark square and that is surrounded by a light one and follows a dark one. For the dark half of my blocks I took my mother's wedding dress of purple marino and what there remained of my black casimere. For the light I have an old pink alpaca basque and an old light drab basque, both given to me. They are not soiled, but were out of style, and in that way we can make so many pretty things.

I have made so many pretty and useful things by begging for things that were thrown away as useless. One can put two garments together, and make a very nice one, if care and patience are exercised. But I am rather selfish to even think that this long letter can be given a place in THE BLADE. However, if it seems sensible enough to express as they are about the size of a bushel basket.—MRS. M. A. SCHYLER, Sunflower, Nebraska.

Tell "A Friend of THE BLADE" to use quicksilver well mixed with the white of egg, for the destruction of house roaches; also for the destruction of bed bugs, etc. It is a sure remedy. Would like to correspond with some one who understands and can teach instrumental music, and would love to come south and spend a few months. Address J. G., Box 97, Grapevine, Texas.

"Eidas," you can say, "Allow me to offer you my hearty congratulations," or "I trust you may always be very happy."—ED.

If your chickens have lice, instead of putting the sulphur on them, scatter it all around in their coops, and put some in their food, and you will soon be rid of them. To cure chickens of gaps, dip a feather in spirits of turpentine or kerosene, and put it down their throat. When you take a cold, don't take a small grub clinging to it.—MRS. R. C. M.

To "A Friend of THE BLADE," who wished to know how to destroy the house roach, I would say try Rough on Rats. Sprinkle the dry powder about places they frequent.

Pieplant is said to be very nice cut and packed in fruit cans, then pump them full of water, seal tight, keep in cool, dark place. When opened make the same for pie when fresh cut. A few slices of lemon or lemon peel makes them very good.—MRS. ALBERT HAWER, Pittsford, Mich.

"MRS. Y. B.," in Home Department, asked how to take warts off the hands. This is a never-failing cure: Take of blue vitriol the size of a small bird egg. Put on as much rain water as will dissolve it, and as often as you think of it, wet the wart by dipping a feather or piece of rag in the solution.—MARTHA.

RECIPES.

STRAWBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES—Can be preserved for ice cream, cake or tarts without boiling. They should be picked when the fruit is dry, and put at once into a deep bowl or pan and bruised gently. Mix with an equal weight of best "refined" sugar and put immediately in wide-necked bottles; cork these firmly without delay and tie bladders over the tops. Keep in a cool place, or the fruit will ferment. This mixture should be stirred softly and only just sufficient to blend the sugar and the fruit. The bottles must be perfectly dry, and the bladders, after having been cleaned in the usual way and allowed to become nearly dry, should be moistened with a little whisky or alcohol on the side next the cork.

HOW TO DRY CHERRIES—Take 8 lbs. of cherries, 1 lb. of the best powdered sugar, stone the cherries over a great deep basin or glass, and lay them in rows and strew a little sugar. Do this until your basin is full and let them stand until the next day; then pour them out into a large saucepan; set them on the fire; let them boil hard a quarter of an hour or more; then pour them again into your basin of syrup and let them stand two or three days; then take them out and lay them on hair sieves and let them stand in the sun or an oven till they dry, turning them every day upon dry sieves. If in the oven, it should be just warm enough to feel the heat when you hold your hand in it.

BARBERRIES IN JELLY.—Having procured the finest barberries, select all the largest branches, and then pick the rest from the stalks. Put them in as much jelly as will make a syrup for your branches. Boil them till they are soft, then strain them through a sieve, and to every pint of syrup put ½ lb. of barberries in bunches. Boil them till they look very fine and clear, then put them carefully into pots or glasses and tie them closely down with brandy paper.—FRUIT PASTES, ETC., BY SHIRLEY DARE.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

MERRILL, WIS.	Annie Baker
Jim Welsh	Nettie Hiatt
Willie Dearing	Maggie Scott
Oley Dearing	Laura Dick
George Boice	Lizzie Dick
Martin Trapton	Maggie A Smith
Curly Burns	Freddie Ellis
Jim Nolan	Floyd Burton
Susie Hammond	Emerson Baker
Hattie Dearing	Arthur Purvis
Burt Jewell	Mertin Reed
PLEASANT RIDGE, IND.	Glen Michener
Carey Lowman	William Ogburn
Harvey Lowman	Carey Ellis
Belle Crail	Paul Baker
Clifford Parkison	Willie Ellis
Mary Belle Parkison	Nellie Smith
Ross McDonald	Vivian Ellis
Robert McDonald	Lottie Ellis
Mary McDonald	Gurney Ellis
Lawrence McDonald	SIDNEY, O.
TRURO, IOWA.	Sylvia Woodmancey
Vinnie R Ellis	Louie Woodmancey
Stella M Scott	Harry Woodmancey
Maud Scott	Dale Woodmancey
Ollie M Howe	Carl Woodmancey

Names this week, 45. Total 27,179.

The above embraces all names received up to July 5.

IN A GARDEN.

BY SWINBURNE.

Baby, see the flowers!
—Baby sees
Fairer things than these,
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!
—Baby knows
Better songs than those,
Sweeter though they sound than sweetest words

Baby, see the moon!
—Baby's eyes
Laugh to watch it rise,
Answering light with love and night with noon.

Baby, hear the sea!
—Baby's face
Takes a graver grace,
Touched with wonder what the sign may be.

Baby, see the star!
—Baby's hand
Opens warm and bland,
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!
—Baby's head
Bows as ripe for bed,
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of light,
Sleep, and see
Brighter dreams than we,
Till good day shall smile away good night.

For the Young Folks.

OUR SNOW BATTLE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY MONTANA MAY.

THE winter of '75 was one of unusual severity, even for this northern latitude. During the month of December snow fell to the depth of three feet. A few warm days in January, followed by very cold weather, formed a crust strong enough to uphold a team. This afforded a fine chance for coasting and snow-shoeing, but it was too dry to make snow balls, a fact greatly lamented by the scholars of the B—— school. The little log school house stood alone on the hill side, half a mile from the town, and as nearly in the center of the school district as possible. The pupils consisted mostly of children from the ajacent farms, together with a few from the town, numbering in all about twenty, and ranging in age from six to eighteen years. Owing to a rivalry between two of the elder boys, George Rudd and John Harvey, the school was divided into two parties.

At first there was only a sort of good-natured disagreement, but as time passed matters grew worse, until the opposing parties refused to have anything to do with each other. It became the practice of one set to drive the other out of the school house during the noon hour. Being very cold weather, the conquered ones had any thing but an enjoyable time, eating their lunch in the wood shed.

The smaller children stood neutral, or rather they stayed with whichever party held possession of the school house. One day, when our side were "out in the cold," we held a council of war, in which we came to a conclusion that the best and only way to settle matters was to fight it out, Captain Rudd was detailed to meet Captain Harvey, and come to some agreement as to the mode of warfare to be used.

Behind the school house was a deep ravine about forty feet across. This was selected for the battle ground, each party building a fort of snow upon opposite banks. The construction of these fortresses consumed the greater part of the next two weeks. They were built by placing large blocks of crusted snow upon each other, in very much the same manner as stone walls are laid up. In the building of these, our captain showed greater forethought and skill than Captain Harvey did. Ours was semi-circular in form, sixteen feet long, four feet high and three feet thick. It was built of slabs of crusted snow two feet square and about a foot thick. There were placed on the side, until there was a row the full length. Two more rows were placed inside of this. Together the three rows formed one layer. Upon this were placed other like layers, until the required height was reached. The blocks were cut out of the snow crust by means thin pieces of iron, shingles, case knives, and a piece of the blade of an old buck saw. It was very tiresome work to cut them out, but had we expected to conquer a nation we could not have worked with more energy.

Captain Harvey's fort was a straight wall, twenty feet long, two feet thick and five feet high. Every day each party made some ammunition. This consisted of making snow balls and pouring water over them to make them hold together. The water we carried in pails, usually about a dozen daily. When well frozen they were piled up inside of the forts.

At length all was completed, and the day of battle had come. Each party hoisted a flag bearing its captain's name. In the meantime our party had dwindled down to three, the captain, Bell Barnhart and myself, May Hilton. But though few in numbers, we were brave as lions. Promptly at half-past three the signal was given for the battle to begin. The other party saw at once the disadvantage of having their works too high. They were unable to throw over the top, and if they were outside we were sure to get hit. Their first work was to lower their wall a foot or so, and every time they appeared in sight we let fly a shower of snow balls. The advantage in having a low wall was that we could stand up and see where to throw.

At length our ammunition ran out, or was getting low, and I was sent to the bottom of the ravine to pick up some. The other side, seeing this, sent out a man to catch me, but Captain Rudd, being a sure shot, soon disabled him and I got back to camp with an apron full of ammunition. Emoldened by my success, I attempted a second venture, and was just at the top of the ravine with a big load when I glanced around and a ball struck me in the left eye. Supposing I was feeling a sharp pain in my eye and of falling backwards, and then all was a blank.

When I came to I was in the school house, surrounded by tearful and frightened school mates, while the teacher and two captains were bathing my head and face. They told me that as soon as I had fallen both parties rushed to the rescue, thinking me dead. They carried me to the school house and for nearly an hour they had worked before I showed signs of life. I was the heroine, and a pretty badly used-up one, too.

For several weeks I carried a black eye, that would have done credit to a prize fighter. Everybody shook hands, and before we went home that night all party feelings had given place to peace. I was unable to attend school for over a week, but every evening the two captains came to give me the news of the day. When the snow became soft we built two numbers snow men out of the remains of our forts. We also decorated the old school room with festoons of evergreens and bright tissue paper, and made it as cheerful as possible.

Our next step was to organize a sort of noon club, in which we played games, had tableaux, charades, etc., and last but not least, we had a school paper. One of the boys owned a ten by twelve printing press, and once a week printed a neat little paper, all the articles being original. (It will be well to say here that our editor afterwards became a *real* editor, and is at present a noted politician in Iowa.)

In time the little log school house was removed, and in its place a stately brick building was built, but it is doubtful if the hundreds who have attended it ever spent such happy days as did we, the last two winters, at the little log house.

Our captain met a tragic death a few years since, and we are all scattered, several having passed hence; but there is always a mistiness before my eyes when I recall those happy school days.

WILL SHAKESPEARE'S LADS.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

It is strange that while we are made acquainted with the smallest facts in the lives of some great men by means of numberous biographies, we know almost nothing of the life of the greatest poet and dramatist of modern times. During his life no one valued him sufficiently to prepare a biography of him, and so it is that to-day all the research and curiosity in the world only enable us to find out a very few of those minor incidents in his career which would have been such delightful reading.

Every now and then, however, some student of archæology, as they call the people who love to look among old libraries and pull over musty manuscripts, finds some allusion to the famous playwright, and we have one more anecdote to add to our stock. Some days ago a friend lent me a small story book by an English author whose name was quite unknown, and who, I fancy, has not many readers on this side of the Atlantic. But he was clearly a learned and conscientious author, and among his pages I found the following anecdote referring to Shakespeare. It was quite new to me, and I fancy, will be so to most of you; but I feel quite sure that it is true, or the writer in question would never have allowed it to appear in his volume.

Among the other things that our little borefooted Will Shakespeare did in order to pick up a few honest pennies in the little poverty-stricken town of Stratford was to wait about the inn in order to hold the horses of the gentlemen and farmers who rode into the village on business. In those days, you know, every one rode on horseback. There were no wagons and carriages in use, and no roads over which it would have been possible to drive them had there been. Every one who could afford it kept a riding horse, and, indeed, without one it would have been impossible for people to go beyond walking distance. This of course made a great many horses to be held on market-days or on any occasion that brought a number of people into town. Now little Will Shakespeare, who was in manhood to manage and direct a theater, had the same head for organization and management in his boyhood. He soon organized a number of his friends and schoolmates under him into an association whose business it was always to have certain of its members on hand at the inn and other prominent places on market-days, and there to stand ready to take a horse's bridle from the rider, see that the animal was taken to the stable and cared for if necessary, or only to hold him quietly until his owner reappeared. These boys came to be known to Stratford as "Will Shakespeare's Lads.

Now to show you what stuff was in our little Will. Not only did he put this scheme in motion, but he so trained and drilled the lads under him in punctuality, good behavior, respectful bearing, and honesty that the reputation of them went abroad as being the most reliable and trustworth boys in Stratford. When a rider would appear in the village and a boy came forward to hold his horse, the common inquiry was: "Are you one of Will Shakespeare's lads? I don't want any other.

Only to one of these boys trained and and instructed by little Will would the people round about intrust their valuable horses. Was not that a reputation to win, boys, and can you not see in it a prophecy of the success that was to attend his efforts later in life?

What William Shakespeare did, he did thoroughly, and as horse boy or playwright made absolute perfection his aim. It may be that at present many of you are too young to understand and appreciate some of his greatest work; but as you read and learn to love play after play, pause and consider the amount of study, the tremendous application, the untiring labor, the research and the investigation, that each of those dramas must have cost him.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE POWER OF A VOICE.

A peaceful army of young readers have fallen into line since the close of the civil war, yet the youngest of them are familiar with many of the details of the war, and no doubt know of the noble Christian commission which supplemented the sanitary commission, but had for its larger care the moral and religious needs of the soldiers. Perhaps they know that its worthy president was Mr. George H Stuart, of Philadelphia. Perhaps they do not know that Mr. Stuart still lives, and that, though burdened with the weight of illness and advances, his days kindle over the memories of the past, and he delights to recall the varied incidents of that exciting period. I have often heard him tell story after story of the war, and one has especially impressed me, as showing the influence of a voice on the memory, and also what apparently slight means Providence may use to prepare for peril. I would like to tell it to the boys and girls of to-day. Mr. Stuart was visiting a camp a few miles below Washington, and in the evening, in company with two or three other gentlemen (one of whom was the late Mr. William E. Dodge, of New York), held a prayer-meeting among the soldiers. Nine o'clock was the regular hour for closing; but the interest was so deep that the colonel of the regiment said, "Go on," and the meeting was prolonged for half an hour or more. At least 10 o'clock had come when the gentlemen prepared to return to Washington at night. The guard was posted already, as 9 was the hour for guard mounting, "and an order had been issued that no civilian should have the countersign." Imperative business required the presence of Mr. Dodge, and he said he must be in Washington before morning. The colonel said he would see what could be done. Perhaps the magic "word" would be given to Mr. Stuart on account of his position. He went to headquarters, and, returning soon, whispered the "word" in Mr. Stuart's ear. Then he gave these minute directions: "Drive out until you are near the sentinel's post, about two miles from camp; then leave the carriage and walk up to him. He will present his gun to your face, and will call out, 'Who goes there?' You will answer, 'A friend, with the countersign.' The sentinel will say, 'What is it?' You will give him the word I whispered in your ear, and he will allow you to pass." Well, they drove out in the darkness, and Mr. Stuart left the carriage at the appointed place and advanced until the musket of the guard gleamed in dangerous nearness to his face. Then the questions and answers followed just as the colonel had described, only when the sentinel said, "What is it?" Mr. Stuart answered "Beverly," and instead of this proving the wonderful sesame, the sentinel cried out, "Halt, the name, Mr. Stuart, you have given the wrong word; that is the countersign of the day before." It was changed every day. The mistake rectified, they started again, and again went through the programme. This time the word was "Massachusetts," and they were permitted to go, but long before Mr. Stuart had turned and asked the soldier, "How did you know who I was in the darkness?" and the man had answered: "About fifteen years ago I heard you speak to a Sunday school up in York state, and though I have never seen you since, I knew your voice. If it had not been for that, I should have shot you." "Then," said Mr. Stuart, "I hope, my friend, you have the countersign." "I have." "What is it?" "The blood of Jesus Christ," was the reverent reply. Mr. Stuart says this story has been told far and near, and in other languages, but nearly always with untruthful variations. Naturally, he likes to have an accurate version given of such a thrilling incident in his life, and I can assure my readers I had this one, only a few days ago, from his own lips.—*Men and Things, in Wide Awake.*

—In 1860, Henry Gothe, of Beaufort, S. C., wrote Dr. Shallenberger:

"I regard your Antidote a specific for chills and fever. It was used on the Charleston & Savannah Railroad last summer and autumn in the most sickly region and under the most trying circumstances. Out of a gang of negro operatives, *fifty* were stricken down with chills and fever, and every one recovered by the timely use of Shallenberger's Antidote. You possess the GREATEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD."

No Fireworks.

Ella—"Well, Ada is to be married next week. I understand it is to be a very quiet wedding."

Bella (who abhors the bridegroom)—"I should think that they would want to keep it as quiet as possible."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

The Sunday School

Samuel, the Reformer.

LESSON III., SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1889.

Golden Text.—Cease to do evil; learn to do well.—Isa. 1:16-17.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Sam. 7:1-12.)

1. And the men of Kirjathjearim came, and fetched up the ark of the Lord, and brought it into the house of Abinadab in the hill, and sanctified Eleazar his son to keep the ark of the Lord.

2. And it came to pass, while the ark abode in Kirjathjearim, that the time was long; for it was twenty years; and all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord.

3. And Samuel spake unto all the house of Israel, saying, If ye do return unto the Lord with all your hearts, then put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only; and he will deliver you out of the hands of the Philistines.

4. Then the children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only.

5. And Samuel said: "Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord."

6. And they gathered together to Mizpeh, and drew water, and poured it out before the Lord, and fasted on that day, and said there: "We have sinned against the Lord." And Samuel judged the children of Israel in Mizpeh.

7. And when the Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together to Mizpeh, the lords of the Philistines went up against Israel. And when the children of Israel heard it, they were afraid of the Philistines.

8. And the children of Israel said to Samuel: "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that he will save us out of the hands of the Philistines."

9. And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the Lord: and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel; and the Lord heard him.

10. And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the Lord thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel.

11. And the men of Israel went of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Bethcar.

12. Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The men of Kiriath jearim came, and fetched up the arkot the Lord, and sanctified Eleazar to keep the ark of the Lord (v. 1.) When men have suffered sorely as a consequence of their misdoing, or of their lack, they are very likely to strive with earnestness to guard against a recurrence of such disaster. There is no time when it is safer to travel over a great railway line, than just after a collision through the carelessness of a switchman or a trainstarter. And while the whole country is shocked at the loss of life and property through the giving way of an imperfectly constructed dam, there will be reasonble care in the inspection and in the building of dams. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that the people of Israel, who had suffered defeat because of the misuse of the ark of the Lord by those who were set to guard it, should be ready to bring it again to a fitting place, and to set apart a fitting person to guard it sacredly. It is better to try to do well after a disaster than not to try at all; but how much better than all it is to do well from the beginning!

The time was long; and all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord. (v. 2). The time is always long, when a man is out of place, and is separated from those he loves, and who alone could give him sympathy or help. Peculiarly do the widows dread when a man who has known the comfort and rest of God's service is separated from God by his persistent misdoing. No men are more unhappy than those who live wholly for selfish pleasure, with never a moment of loving communion with God, with never a confession or of aspiration toward God. Man's nature is fitted to find pleasure in God's service, and even though a man deliberately shuts himself away from God, he cannot wholly fail to be lamenting after the Lord.

Samuel spake, saying, put away the strange gods, prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only (v. 3). The first thing for any sinner to do is to quit sinning. The Lord's commandments on this point are positive and unqualified in the Old Testament and in the New. "Turn ye," "Return," is the cry of the Old Testament. "Convert ye" "Repent," is the cry of the New. There is no commandment to wait for feeling, to wait for impulse, to wait for strength, to wait to be moved—and carried by an irresistable outside force. Waiting, when we have been disobeying, is to be dropped and turned away from instantly and heartily. Forgiveness and acceptance and salvation do not lie in the direction of that sin. To right about face, to begin with, is your first duty.

Samuel said, Gather all Israel to Mizpah, and I will pray for you (v. 5). He ought to pray for every sinner before they pray for themselves or not; but it is their duty to put themselves in the attitude of supplication before God, if they would have a blessing from God, or if they would have us interested with God in their behalf. When, therefore, our prayers are asked by others, we ought to call on them to pray for themselves while we pray for them. It may be that we can do no good to ask for our fellows by urging them to come before God as supplicants as by our most fervent intercessions in their behalf.

They said, We have sinned against the Lord (v. 6). To quit sinning is not to make one's self pure. If a man decides to give up mail-robbing and murder as a steady business, that in itself doesn't

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE PREACHES ON HEAVEN.

A House the Favorite Biblical Simile for Heaven—"In My Father's House are Many Rooms"—The Doctor's Idea of What the Home of the Blest Will Be.

THE HAMPTONS, N. Y., July 7.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached here to-day on the subject: "Our House on the Hills." His text was John xiv. 2: "In my Father's house are many rooms." He said:

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad and Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and a tonic. He showed them that their sorrows are only a dark background for a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that though now they live on the lowlands they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown, or harp, or pearly gate, or throne, or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who had never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says: "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The room comes to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room. That is George's room. That is Henry's room. That is Flora's room. That is Mary's room. And the house is all occupied. But time goes by and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and seated by the evening stand, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full. Many millenia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after a while it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return. And many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

"In My Father's House are Many Rooms."

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about that many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments: "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded. An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be twelve thousand furlongs, and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sixtillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then reserving a certain portion for the earth in a piece of the size of Asia, and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over five trillion rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the grave crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the greatest hindrances to people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uncramped room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only 17 feet by 16, it should be larger than any of the imperial rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter Palace. "In my Father's house there are many rooms." Carry up out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves.

We Will Be Ushered In.

As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardsman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel. In that room Christ lovingly greeted all new comers. He redeemed them and he has the right to the first embrace on their arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord. Instead of eyes of Christian read about him or talked about him or sang about him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime, will it be, just for one second to see him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of him on sacramental days, or at the height of some great revival, or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio, are a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first moment of his appearance in that reception room.

At that moment, when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and a surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ choose that repentant sinner and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul. The soul and Jesus.

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk. Enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sickness or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them. So radiant, so gleeful, so transporting in lovely. They all run by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of you parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant; though they were in some other world on errand from God a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation and we will say: "O my lost boy," "O my lost companion," "O my lost friend, are we here together?" What scenes have been witnessed in that reception-room of the old homestead! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son, Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized; and multitudes without number who, once so weary and once so sad, parted on earth but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is not one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

We Are of the Royal Family.

Another room in our Father's house is the throne room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war one eventide in the summer of 1870 I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people I found myself being closely inspected by governmental officials, who from my complexion judged me to be a German, and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanations in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel, and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more severely the throne room? A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throne room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles Immanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy! But the throne room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms that ever saw sceptre wave, or crown glitter, or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." You see we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam, or as Queen Tuzan in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure; but it will be found out after a while who we are when we get into the throne room. Aye, we shall not walk until then. Women by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this moment enter the throne room. Oh, King, live forever! We touch the forgiving scepter and prostrate ourselves at thy feet! The crowns of the royal families of this world are tossed about from generation to generation and from family to family. There are children four years old in Berlin who have seen the crown on three emperors' heads, and the coronets of this world rise or fall, they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from North and South and East and West, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown—aye, all the crowns from under the great archivolt of heaven; and while

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on July 8:

To be probate judges in Utah territory:

DANIEL PAGE, of Utah, in Iron county;
JAMES McGARRY, of Utah, in Beaver county;
ISAAC BURTON, of Utah, in Uintah county;
GEORGE C. VIELE, of Utah, in Millard county.

The President made the following appointments on July 9:

THOMAS H. CAVENAUGH, of Olympia, W. T., to be surveyor general of Washington Territory.

THOMAS N. FAULKNER, of Sheridan, Oregon, to be agent for the Indians of the Grand Ronde Agency in Oregon, vice John B. McLane, resigned.

BERNARD KELLY, of Emporia, Kansas, to be pension agent at Topeka, Kansas, George W. Glick.

THOMAS V. COOPER, to be collector of customs for the District of Philadelphia.

HORACE A. TAYLOR, of Wisconsin, to be commissioner of railroads.

THOMAS G. MENDENHALL, of Indiana, to be superintendent of the United States coast and geodetic survey.

HENRY W. DIEDERICH, of Indiana, to be consul of the United States at Leipsic.

Two Appointments.

The attorney general on July 6, appointed John C. Mathias to be assistant United States attorney for the southern district of Illinois and Frank R. Ogg to be special assistant attorney for the district of Kansas, for the protection of the Black Bob band of Shawnee Indians to certain lands in Kansas.

Uncle Jerry and the Farmers.

Speaking of the Agricultural department, Uncle Jerry Rusk, as he is familiarly called, is bringing that branch of the government nearer the people and especial the farmers than it has ever been. He believes there is no use in collecting a lot of information for the farmers unless it can be brought within the reach of the farmers, and so he is making arrangements for a careful and brief digesting of the immense number of reports that are received every month from all over the country in such a shape that the information will readily be published and thus reach the farmers quickly. "This department publishes a report every month," said he, in speaking on the subject the other day, "which is sent to every newspaper correspondent in this city and also to all the papers throughout the country, but only a very few of them ever do anything with it. Every report contains facts which are of great interest to the farmers, but the average correspondent or editor picks up the pamphlet and after glancing at its title lays it aside. Some intend, no doubt, to go through it and see what there is of interest there, but they forget all about it. Now if, instead of a pamphlet of from fifty to a hundred pages there was furnished a positive piece of information upon an agricultural subject, condensed into a stickful of matter or perhaps two or three sticksful, if the subject warranted that much space, why every or nearly every correspondent and editor would use it. That's what I'm going to accomplish if possible."

I think uncle Jerry's head is level in regard to this matter, in fact, uncle Jerry shows a pretty level head in all his handling of his department. I heard a story which illustrates his absolute independence in regard to the political recommendations of his clerks when that would interfere with what he believes to be the best interest of the government service. In rearranging matters at the close of the fiscal year it became necessary to transfer one clerk from a roll on which she had been borne to another. She was known to be strongly backed, and had for some time, before the present administration came into power, done about as she pleased. The chief of her division, when informed of the decision that had been made in regard to her, said, "but suppose she objects? I expect she will be displeased at the change."

"You will also object to?" asked the secretary of Agriculture.

"Well," was the reply, "I will be the first to feel her resentment, for I don't suppose she will appeal to you until she has vented her anger upon me."

"If that woman makes one word of complaint," said uncle Jerry, "You make out her dismissal and I will sign it without any delay. I'm running this department in the interests of the government and not to please any clerk."

I haven't heard whether the lady objected or not.

Avoiding the Civil Service Rules.

Speaking of political influences, it was worked to its fullest extent during the Democratic administration, notwithstanding the loud professions of civil service reform. Every device was employed to evade the rules of the Civil Service commission, and, in a great many instances, the efforts of the members of Congress to provide for their hungry Democratic constituents, were successful. Men would be put into the departments on the laborers' roll, and then detailed for clerical duty. In that way they would draw the pay of a skilled laborer, until a place could be found as a chief of division, or assistant chief, which would be outside the classified service, and then they would be transferred there. Many of these men have gone already, and their places are filled by Republicans, and I suppose all of them will go in good time. I know that the Democratic members were driven very hard for places by their constituents, and perhaps there was some excuse for the methods resorted to in order to saddle the unfortunate claimants upon the government, but I know one member who had not that excuse, but was greedy upon his own account. He was not satisfied with drawing his $5,000 per annum himself, but he secured a good place in the Agricultural department for one of his daughters, while he fixed a second daughter comfortably in the patent office. There was nothing mean about him.

A Unique Chief of Division.

I mentioned some time ago about a chief of division in the Pension office who called his clerks "hands," and who considered himself more in the light of an overseer. One of the men discharged last week, or rather his resignation was called for by the new sixth auditor, was of the same kind. It is needless to say that he came from the South. He was, I think, a cousin of General Gordon. He was for quite a while chief of a division and he used to issue orders which were unique both in their grammatical construction and in the originality of their orthography. A clerk in his division told me that he endeavored to secure a complete file of these letters of instruction and orders, but that he could only obtain about a dozen. He didn't dare to show them for he would have been instantly bounced, but now that the man has left, I suppose these specimens of epistolary excellence may find their way into print. The man is said to have had no idea of the duties of his position save the drawing of his salary, and yet on account of his high Democratic relationship he he was promoted to be deputy auditor. His successor, I venture, the assertion, will be found a far different sort of man.

Imported Labor.

The secretary of the Treasury has under consideration the case of the 25 English glass-blowers who landed at Boston, April 12, and subsequently secured employment with Chambers, McKee & Co., of Jeannette, Westmoreland county, Pa. It is charged that these men were brought over by the Universal Federation of Glass-blowers, in violation of the alien contract labor law. The case will be referred to the United States district attorney at Pittsburg for investigation, with the special purpose of ascertaining the precise circumstances attending the immigration of these people.

Dismissed From the Service.

John E. Carpenter, of Ohio, an examining surgeon, and Wm. Goodlove, of Ohio, and Wm. E. Brandt, of Indiana, qualified surgeons, all employes of the pension office have been dismissed.

No official explanation is vouchsafed as a reason for these removals except that given by Assistant Secretary Bussey, who says they were made in the reorganization of the office of medical referee, and that the places will be filled. It is said, however, that these officers were dismissed because of their liberality in re-rating pensions, and for rendering legal opinions without proper authority.

The Nipsic's Trouble.

The navy department has not yet received any official news of the trouble between Admiral Kimberly and Captain Mullen, growing out of the failure of the latter to take the Nipsic to Auckland.

The opinion is expressed, based on the San Francisco dispatch, that a court of inquiry will follow the captain's return to the United States. The exhaustion of the Nipsic's coal means a month's detention of the ship at Fanning island, and the postponement of her return to this country until September.

A COMING CAUCUS.

The President and the Politicians to Talk Matters Over.

For the past three days the political atmosphere has been full of vague rumors as to a conference or caucus of Republican leaders, which it was said would be held in New York. There was said to be trouble brewing between the President and some of the more prominent politicians, and that it had been finally agreed to talk these things over in caucus, with Attorney General Miller and Secretary Halford representing the President. The latter said:

"There is nothing in it; if there was I would know something about it, and I have heard nothing except what I see in the daily papers. There is no use of denying the fact that there has been some friction between the President and the leaders of the party, but that is all past.

"There is harmony now, and everything will go along swimmingly. I can see no use for such a conference and don't think it will be held."

This seems to be the general opinion all around. If a conference is to be held at all it will be on the election in the four new states. This is the question of the greatest interest now, and the belief is daily growing that even Montana can be carried by the Republicans if proper efforts are put forth.

Gov. Foraker's Renomination.

The renomination of Gov. Foraker gives the greatest satisfaction to all Ohio men here. It was really a foregone conclusion, so that the announcement of the result of the work of the convention was not much of a surprise. An Ohio official, who is well posted in state politics said yesterday that there was no doubt of the governor's election. "If we can't elect Foraker," said he, "we can't elect any Republican. He is the strongest Republican in the state, and we will re-elect him by a big majority. We are going to pay strict attention to the legislature, too, and see that a Republican is elected to succeed Payne in the United States Senate. Ohio is a Republican state, and there is no reason why she shouldn't have two Republicans in Senators."

"Do you think Foraker will be a Senatorial candidate?" I asked.

"No, I don't think so," was the reply. "I think Foraker has a bigger future before him than the Senate. He will probably let McKinley, Butterworth and Halstead make the Senatorial fight, and serve his term as Governor. Then he will be one of the available in 1892 for the Presidency."

The Morse Code.

By a general order issued from army headquarters, the American Morse code will hereafter be used by the army for all purposes of signaling, whether visual or acoustic, and the use of the English Morse or continental code will be discontinued. This action was taken upon the recommendation of the chief signal officer with a view to the simplification of signal instruction and to the ready employment and utilization in time of war of skilled civilian telegraphers for military purposes. Fewer errors are supposed to result from the use of the English system, but it is slower than the American system, and its continuance would involve the employment of specially trained experts who could not be procured in sufficient numbers in an emergency.

Money Circulation.

A statement prepared at the Treasury department shows that there was a net decrease of $17,324,701 in the circulation during the month of June, and a net decrease of $12,610,387 in money and bullion in the treasury during the same period. The decrease in circulation was principally in gold certificates and national bank notes, and the decrease in treasury holdings was principally in silver bullion. The circulation July 1 is stated at $1,380,140,050, and the money and bullion in the treasury at $652,080,843.

Des Moines River Lands.

The attorney general has appointed John Y. Stone, attorney general for the state of Iowa, as a special deputy of the department of justice to bring suit on behalf of the United States to quiet the title to the Des Moines river lands and to settle all pending disputes arising therefrom.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The United States Senate Committee Hears its Grievances.

Another Maine delegation appeared before the United States Senate committee on Inter-State commerce at Boston, on July 8, consisting of Hon. E. B. Neally, president of the Bangor & Piscataquis railroad corporation, Counsel Chas. F. Stetson and Directors Benjamin B. Thatcher and Hon. J. F. Bass. They also represented the Bangor board of trade. Ex-Gov. Smith, president of the Vermont Central, was an interested spectator.

President Neally filed with the committee resolutions adopted by the Bangor board of trade on the 2d inst., declaring that good faith requires that the Canadian Pacific railroad, having built a railroad through Maine under a charter granted by the state legislature, should, in good faith, be granted the privileges now allowed by the laws of the United States for transportation of merchandise through the state, to and from points in Canada, and that all facilities should be given for the transportation of breadstuffs and other merchandise to and from all points in our western states over roads in Canada, to and from all points in this state and connecting roads. Corporation Counsel Stetson addressed the committee.

A Young Lady's Sad Fate in the House of Her Mother.

On July 3, at Hopkins, near Minneapolis Carrie, the 18-year-old daughter of Hyram Frost, was burned to death. The young lady had just arrived home from Mayville, Wis., where she had been attending school, and had gone up stairs to rest.

Her mother, who was the only one in the house besides the girl, went to visit at a neighbor's near by, leaving a gasoline stove burning. She had been gone but a short time when smoke was seen issuing from the building, which was quickly destroyed. A search was made soon after and the young lady's charred remains were found in the ruins.

A South Dakota Village Wiped Out of Existence.

Kronsburg, a little village, two miles east of Watertown, South Dakota, was visited by a wind storm on July 7, and every house in the village was more or less injured. Van Dusen's elevator, Moe's store, Jas. Fields's residence and barn, Dr. McKenna's barn and the residences of Harrison Franklin, John Neuby and Benj. Frankim were blown down. Jos. Maxelbaum sustained severe injuries by the falling of his blacksmith shop. No children are reported to have been killed in the county.

Virginia Coupons.

Judge Bond, of the United States Circuit court, at Baltimore, on July 4, heard the habeas corpus petition of Lewis O. Shaner, of Lynchburg, Va., which turned upon the question of the legality of a tender of Virginia coupons as payment for a fine and costs upon a criminal charge, in that state. Shaner was arrested for assault and was fined $200 and costs. He tendered coupons in payment, and the magistrate refused to accept them. Judge Bond decided that the tender was a legal one, and discharged the obligation.

Mississippi Prohibitionists.

The State Prohibition convention assembled at Jackson, Miss., on July 3, Professor S. L. Fitzhugh presiding. Twenty-three counties were represented by 87 delegates. The resolutions adopted disavow any purpose to form a separate party, yet urges upon Prohibitionists the necessity of co-operation in electing to the legislature only such candidates as favor prohibition. A committee was appointed to attend the next session of the legislature and secure the passage of measures favorable to temperance.

Not Dead, But Sleeping.

Mr. George O. Jones, chairman of the National Greenback party, has issued an invitation requesting all persons who desire to aid in reorganizing the National Greenback party to meet in their respective states and congressional districts on or before September 4 next and appoint one delegate and one alternate to attend the National Greenback convention, called to meet at Cincinnati on September 12 next.

Coming by the Hundred.

The Guion line steamer Wyoming which reached New York on July 5, had among her passengers 100 Mormon disciples. They were at once shipped to Salt Lake City over the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AFTER THE DERVISHES.

A Battle in Which 500 Were Killed or Wounded.

An engagement has taken place at Arquin Egypt between a force of Egyptian troops, under command of Col. Wodehouse, and a body of dervishes. The dervishes were defeated, and fled. Their loss was 500 killed or wounded. Seventy Egyptians were killed orwounded. Two English officers were also wounded.

The dervishes attempted to effect a lodgment on the river bank. Col. Wodehouse immediately advanced and attacked them with a field force. The dervishes made a stubborn resistance, but were finally forced to retire, fighting as they went. They were driven northward seven miles, but every foot of the ground was hotly contested. Two guns belonging to the enemy were captured by the Egyptians. It is expected that further fighting will occur shortly.

Nine Hunared Dervishes Killed and Seven Hundred Wounded.

The encounters that have occurred near Arquin between the Egyptian troops under Col. Wodehouse and the dervishes have proved very disastrous to the latter. Thus far 900 of the dervishes have been killed and 700 others have either been taken prisoners or have deserted.

After the Dervishes.

Word has been received from Col. Wodehouse, commander of the Egyptiantroops, that he has sighted the dervishes, moving northwards. They are 5,000 strong and have 300 camels. Col. Wodehouse says his force is not strong enough to make another attack upon them with all his available troops in steamers. He advises the collection of a strong force at Assouan to co-operate with him.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.

A Strong Protest Against the Admission of Negro Labor.

Mr. Remsen Whitehouse, secretary to the American legation at the City of Mexico, left on July 6 for Europe.

The Mexican press is making fierce attacks upon the scheme to bring colored emigrants from the United States into Mexico, and asks the government to be patriotic and not countenance it.

The entire orange crop of the state of Sonora has been bought by California parties. The government of the state of Chiapa is following the example of that of Coahuilla in arresting journalists. Among those who have been taken into custody is the representative of the Lecook Press agency.

Senor Terrazos has been excommunicated by the archbishop for going to Rome to complain against Archbishop La Bastide.

Boulanger's Trial May Fall Through.

The *Gazette de France* asserts that M. DeBeaurepaire refuses to prosecute General Boulanger, and that he has resigned his office. The same paper says that De. Freycinet, minister of war, refuses to consent to the holding of a court martial on the case of General Boulanger. It is also asserted that there are other serious dissentions among the members of the cabinet, and that a ministerial crisis is imminent.

Canada Would Show Fight.

No little amusement has been created in official circles at Ottawa, Canada, by a report from Chicago that a newly formed Irish-American republican association proposes to establish a Franco-Irish republic in Canada. Said a leading official to-day: "The promoters of the scheme had better go to Quebec and witness the measure of fraternity between the French and Irish there, before they think of putting their ideas into effect. Canada has 130,000 men available in the event of an incursion and would make matters lively for interlopers."

Russia and Servia.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg* says the ovation given M. Persiani, the Russian minister to Servia, at Saitchar on the occasion of the anointment of the king, shows that the Servian eople appreciate Russia's keen interest in their country.

The *Journal* also says that Count Kalnoki's speech before the delegations at Vienna, has had the effect of moderating the tone of the Austrian press, but that the situation was no more disquieting at the time it was made than it is now.

Premier Norquay Dead.

Hon. John Norquay, for nearly twenty years premier of Manitoba and one of the best known men in theCanadian northwest died suddenly at Winnipeg, Manitoba, on July 6, of heart disease, at the age of 48. Mr. Norquay took a prominent part in the Riel rebellion and was instrumental in suppressing the uprising. He was succeeded by Hon. J. Greenway as premier, last year, since which time he has been the leader of the opposition.

Canadian Cables.

The Canadian minister of customs has ordered that facilities be given to land new cables in Dover Bay, N. S., for connection with the New York land lines. The cables include extensions of the two Western Union cables of 1881, between England and Canada, terminating at Canso.

The new direct French cable has been landed at Fox Island, five miles from Canso.

Nice Little Allowance.

It is reported that Parliament will be asked to grant the Princess Louise, daughter of the Princess of Wales and fiancee of the Earl of Fife, an allowance of £3,000 until she is married, and after her marriage an annual allowance of £25,000. The grant to be asked for Prince Albert Victor is said to be £10,000 until his marriage and then £25,000.

Tupper Playing a Lone Hand.

The proposition made in London, England, by Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian high commissioner, to hold a convention there of Imperial Federationists from all parts of the empire, is attracting considerable attention in Canada. Several Cabinet ministers have been interviewed on the subject and all say that Sir Charles is acting on his own responsibility.

Russian War Movements.

It is reported at Vienna, that 50 Russian officers have passed Braila, Roumania, on their way to Servia. There are also rumors that the Russian government has been sending material of war and pontoons to Reni, in Bessarabia, and to the mouths of the Danube.

Was Not Guilty.

Gen. Thurston has concluded his inquiry into the charges made by Germany that assistance had been given Mataafa by the British consul at Apia. The investigation resulted in the exoneration of the consul from all the charges.

Wants More Money.

Admiral Krantz, French minister of marine and of the colonies, has made a demand in the chamber of Deputies for an extra credit of 60,000,000 francs for the navy and has threatened to resign if the money is not voted.

Glad to Hear It.

The London *Daily News* says that communications between the English and American governments have resulted in an understanding which will avert any collision in Behring Sea during the seal fishing season.

Honored in Paris.

The English institute of mechanical engineers, which is holding a session in Paris, gave a banquet on July 4, to the American engineers in the Hotel Continental.

Royal Betrothal.

It is officially announced that the marriage of Princess Sophia, sister of Emperor William, of Germany, and the Duke of Sparta, crown prince of Greece, will take place on October 18.

Anti-Jesuit Meeting.

An anti-Jesuit meetng was held at Montreal on July 5. It was resolved to form branches of the Equal Rights association throughout the province of Quebec.

Mataafa and Tamasese Reported to Have Signed a Treaty of Peace.

Advices have been received at Sydney, N. S. W., from Apia saying that a treaty of peace has been concluded between Mataafa and Tamasese.

Tennyson's Health.

Sir Andrew Clarke, the well known physician, paid a visit to Lord Tennyson and was surprised to find him in such good health.

Socialist Victory.

In a re-ballot for municipal officers at Cette France, on July 7, the Socialists gained a victory over the Boulangitss

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade dated New York, July 6, says that business has been fairly maintained in volume, and is gradually improving in prospects. June has been a month of exceptionally large transactions. Prices of commodities, in spite of the rise in some speculative markets, have on the whole, fallen during the month about 2 per cent, and are now hardly 1½ per cent above the lowest average ever recorded. But there are signs of substantial improvement in the most important branches of industry.

The monetary situation remains undisturbed. Nevertheless, the stock market, by many considered an indicator of the future, has been sinking. The wars of Western and, to some extent, of Eastern railroads have disheartened many investors and caused much selling. It is felt, too, that the rise stimulated by sudden advances in trust stocks was not of a substantial character. But there has been much confidence that the enormous half-yearly disbursements of government and corporations would cause a new demand and advance in better securities, and while the movement thus far in July has not answered expectations holders are still hopeful.

Reports from interior points are generally favorable. Collections are nowhere seriously disturbing. The half-yearly return of failures show a relatively larger increase in New England than in any other section—about 20 per cent—and next in the trans-Mississippi regions this side of the Rocky mountains—about 20 per cent. In the Middle states, the increase has been but 4½ per cent, thence to the Mississippi about 5 per cent, and at the South about 3½ per cent. Against a general increase of 8 per cent in numbers, there is a decrease of 3½ per cent in aggregate liabilities.

The markets have not changed greatly during the broken week. Wheat is about ½c higher, owing to accounts of injury from prolonged drouth and heat in Dakota and Minnesota, where heavy rains have improved the outlook considerably. Other crop prospects continue favorable.

Pork products are weaker, and dairy products are coming forward in immense quantities, so that prices are depressed.

The monetary prospects is clouded by the exports of $17,507,640 gold and $1,135,464 silver from New York alone since June 1. In consequence, the circulation of all kinds has been reduced $17,000,000 in June, and, though the aggregate is even now $8,000,000 larger than a year ago, it is felt that a continued outgo in July would be apt to cause pressure in September.

The New York banks reported last week a surplus of only $7,500,000 and the actual surplus to-day was not over $6,000,000, which is not a large proportion for an active fall demand. Exports for five weeks exceed last year's by 17 per cent at New York, while the imports show an increase of 4 per cent. Unless grain exports are hastened by the cut in east-bound rail rates of foreign holders cease to realize on securities, the outgo of gold may continue. Thus far the treasury disbursements for the week have exceeded receipts by only $300,00, but will be much larger for the week to come.

The business failures number 202, as compared with a total of 215 last week and 220 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 214.

GROWINE GRAIN.

What Sun and Rain Has Wrought in the Past Week.

The following appeared in the Chicago *Farmers' Review* of July 8: According to reports received from our crop correspondents, the hay crop of the present season will fall somewhat below the average, particularly in Minnesota and Dakota, drouth being the cause in those states. Kansas, on the other hand, makes a very fine showing. With respect to this and most other staple crops, there is now every prospect that Kansas will prove the banner state of 1889, all the conditions for the growth of grasses and cereals having been extremely favorable in that state thus far.

Relative to the present condition of corn, Michigan stands lowest on the list. Wisconsin and Minnesota averages are also low, but slightly improved since last report. The condition continues to be favorable in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, particularly in the two states last named.

With the exception of Indiana, Minnesota and Dakota, the prospect for oats in all the states covered by our report are very flattering.

In Dakota the present outlook does not promise more than half a crop. The conditions in the two other states mentioned falls about 12 per cent below the average.

All other states report a high per cent of condition, and the yield ought to prove a heavy one.

But few of our correspondents renort chinch bugs, and no damage to any extent from this cause as yet. The grain plant louse has appeared in large numbers in several counties in Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, but it is too early to estimate the damage resulting from its ravages.

All the states report more or less destruction to corn, pastures and garden truck from cut worms and cut worms, but it is not probable the loss from this cause will be greater than usual.

We summarize the reports of correspondents as follows:

Corn—Illinois, 88 per cent; Indiana, 87; Ohio, 82; Kentucky, 95; Missouri, 96; Kansas, 101; Nebraska, 103; Iowa, 96; Michigan, 66; Wisconsin, 73; Minnesota, 82; Dakota, 95.

Spring Wheat—Nebraska, 98; Iowa, 100; Wisconsin, 80; Minnesota, 86; Dakota, 42.

Oats—Illinois, 98; Indiana, 85; Ohio, 96; Kentucky, 95; Missouri, 99; Kansas, 110; Nebraska, 98; Iowa, 102; Michigan, 104; Wisconsin, 100; Minnesota, 91; Dakota, 40.

The hay crop as compared with an average:

Illinois, 90; Indiana, 91; Ohio, 91; Kentucky, 98; Missouri, 95; Kansas, 111; Nebraska, 88; Iowa, 89; Michigan, 91; Wisconsin, 81; Minnesata, 70; Dakota, 60.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The More Prominent of Those Who Have Gone Over to the Majority.

In New York city, June 29, Abram Wakeman, one of the founders of the Republican party in New York, and a well-known lawyer, aged 65; in New Orleans, July 2, by suicide, Gen. William Pierce, quartermaster general of Louisiana; in Washington, M. C. Lane, a New York city capitalist and railroad man, aged 74.

Archdeacon Goodyear of the East African missions is dead at Magela; Ferdinand de Luca, Italian minister to China, is dead; also Bishop Lambrecht of Ghent; also, the Austrian poet Mautner. Herr von Weilen, a well-known Austrian author, is dead.

At Presque Island, Me., Joseph B. Hall, editor of the Aroostook *Herald*, aged 64; in Ellsworth, Me., Capt. Akiel McFarland, a well-known naval officer during the war, aged 60; John Norquay, ex-premier of Manitoba, is dead.

A Deputy Marshal Brings His Prisoners in Dead.

Deputy Marshal Swayne arrived in Fort Smith, Ark., on July 6, from Chickasaw Mountains, with fourteen prisoners, two dead men and one nearly dead. One of the dead men is Cornelius Walker, who has been shot thirteen times. He was approached by the officers near Pauls Valley, in the Chickasaw Nation, but resisted, and shot one of the posse named Williams, who died next day. Swayne at once returned the fire, shooting Walker thirteen times before he fell dead.

Gone With the Funds.

Louis Cherier, the cashier of the bank at Houghton, Wis., has disappeared with a large amount in his possession. It is not known definitely, but it is surmised that Cherier has in his possession the money which was to be used in paying off the employes of the Hecla and other great mines. If this is correct, he has with him something over $50,000 in cash.

Kansas is Happy.

Crop reports received by Secretary Mohler, of the Agricultural department of Kansas, are to the effect that the wheat havest is almost finished. The secretary estimated the total yield at 34,000,000 bushels, which is just double that of last year. The crop may now be said to be successfully harvested. The largest yield is in Sumner county, where $3,000,000 bushels have been harvested.

Earthquake in Maine.

A shock of earthquake was plainly felt at Farmington, Me., on the night, of July 7, lasting half a minute. Dishes were rattled on the shelves and light articles knocked about, but no damage was done. The direction was northwest to southeast

RADWAY'S PILLS,

THE GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY

For the cure of all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS of APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION of the BOWELS, PILES and all derangements of the Internal Viscera, Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or Deleterious Drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the system rendered less liable to contract diseases. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 25c. a box. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York.

GENERAL NEWS.

CHIPPEWA INDIANS.

Result of the Councils Held on the Minnesota Reservations.

The commission appoint ed to negotiate with the Chippewa Indians for the opening of their reservation have had three councils with the Indians. The first councils were for the purpose of reading and carefully interpreting the act of congress under which the commission acts and the explanation of its provisions.

On July 7 all the leaders of the bands on the reservation, including the Thief River band, were present. Neganmagred had been delegated to act as spokesman. He said that the plan set forth in the act of Congress was a failure. Each member of the commission then made an address, calling the attention of the Indians to the fact that they had been receiving for ten years annually $10,000 from the government in the form of annuities; that they were becoming poorer every year; that their game was being driven from the country, and that the only resource open to them was to accept the liberal terms of the government.

The Indians claimed that they were blamed for the destruction of their pine by fire, when, as a matter of fact the timber fires were always set by the whites, and that the whites came upon their reservation and cut timber, while the Indians were not allowed to leave their homes to go to the white man's country without a pass from the agent.

They also object to the money being allowed to accumulate in the United States treasury from the sale of their lands, claiming that their lands were more valuable and that they wish the entire benefit arising from such sales.

After further explanations by the commissioners and assurances on the part of the Chippewas that they regretted they could not accept the terms of the act, it was agreed that another meeting should be held to-day. There is little probability of the leaders changing their minds, as they expressed themselves as irrevocably opposed to the act of Congress passed for their benefit.

The Indians at Coon Creek Agency, South Dakota, held a long council on July 8. General Crook was sent for and remained with them for some time. He gave them wholesome advice and explained the substantial benefits which an acceptance by them of the proposition offered would give them. It is understood that the council separated without coming to any agreement as to their action on the bill.

The most thoughtful, as well as some of the most progressive, Indians look with disfavor at the proposition, owing to the small size of their proposed reservation which allows only about 260 acres of land per capita. The Brules get nearly double this quantity, and the land is said to be equally as good.

THE ILLINOIS MINES.

A Plan Adopted to Settle the Trouble.

Action was taken by the miners of Streator, Ill., on July 8, which will probably end the strike. The Coal Run company, which some time ago proposed the plan of profit sharing with its employes, have, since the rejection of that scheme, showed a willingness to arbitrate. At a mass meeting yesterday it was decided by an almost unanimous vote to approve of arbitration between the Coal Run company and its employes.

Streator is now, by an almost unanimous vote, committed to an independent policy in the strike. After announcing the vote the president stated to the meeting that in his opinion arbitration would settle the strike for all the miners of Streator as well as the Coal Run company. The company only employs 200 men, but as the issues involved are mainly the same as with others mines, the settlement for one will be practically the settlement for all.

A board of arbitration will be composed of three men—one to be chosen by the company, one by the miners, and these two to choose the third. Their award must be made on or before August 7, and pending their decision the Coal Run company's miners will resume work at the old prices.

Pennsylvania Miners.

At a meeting of the coal miners of Blair, Cambria, Clearfield Center and Jefferson counties at Altoona, Pa., on July 9, it was decided not to enforce a general suspension at the present time, on account of the absence of the Maryland and Virginia delegations.

All places working below district prices are to remain out, and all not out, are to be called out. A levy more than sufficient to support striking men has been laid on those working at district prices, and a central committee was appointed for the purpose of distributing the relief. The convention was a unit on all things, and were confident of victory in the near future.

THE FIRE RECORD.

The More Notable Conflagrations Happening During the Week.

In Durango, Dak., July 1, all the business houses in town, $300,000; in Savannah, Ga., furniture house of A. J. Miller and other business establishments, $150,000; in Hailey, Idaho, July 2, four business blocks, $500,000; in New York city, July 3, fancy dress goods establishment known as the Palais Royal, $35,000; in Milwaukee, Wis., July 4, the brewery of Falk, Jung & Bochert, $700,000; in Ellensburg, W. T., July 5, ten blocks in the business portion of the city, $2,900,000; in Boston, Highlands district factory of the Lawson Manufacturing company, $25,000; in Lewiston, Me., steam sawmill of R. C. Pingree & Co., with lumber, $35,000; in Cleveland, the plant of the Oppman Brewing company, $30,000.

The smelting works of the Eureka, Nev., Consolidated Mining company was burned on July 8. Loss $75,000; insurance $30,000.

A fire on July 8, in the business part of Carson, Iowa, destroyed an entire block with the exception of one building. Men, women and children turned out to carry water, and by covering exposed buildings with wet carpets the fire was held in one block. The loss is about $62,000, insurance $25,000. The origin of the fire is unknown, but the general opinion is that it was incendiary. No lives were lost, but there were several narrow escapes.

Grain Flies.

Reports received from the southwestern portion of Ontario announce the discovery of a small green fly which is infesting the heads of the fall wheat, and believed by some to be midge fly. Fears are entertained that the crop, which for luxuriance and quality has not been equalled in many years, will be a light one.

Gen. W. A. Pile Dead.

Gen. W. A. Pile died at Monrovia California, on July 7 of pneumonia. He was a minister in St. Louis when the civil war broke out, and enlisted and became major general in the volunteer service. He was subsequently a member of congress from Missouri and governor of New Mexico.

Grapes a Failure.

The grape crop at Nauvoo, Ills., usually the largest in the Mississippi valley, will probably be a total failure this year on account of the black rot, which has just set in.

LOSSES AT JOHNSTOWN.

Secretary Davies's Report of the Damage Caused by the Flood.

Secretary Davies, of the Johnstown, Pa. board of inquiry, has made a compliation of the losses reported and estimated which the board has confirmed. This is not the owners' loss, but a very conservative estimate, placed upon all losses, by the board. In determining these losses allowance has been made for property that has been saved, hence this is an estimate only of total loss. Following are Secretary Davies's figures:

The aggregate of the local committees' estimates of loss in classes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 is $4,791,747. The total number of cases in these classes is 3,364. The average loss, therefore, is $1,424. The total loss in class 6 is $1,112,192; number of cases, 445; average loss, $2,499. The aggregate loss of borough property, all the boroughs having reported, is $168,180. The damage to school property reported from seven school districts is $52,132. The fire companies, six in number, report a loss of $37,151. Losses of private corporations so far reported amount to $1,731,662.

"We have not yet heard from the Cambria Iron company, the Johnstown Manufacturing company, or the Cambria & Westmoreland Natural Gas company.

"Doctors Beale and Father Trautwin have not reported for the churches. The total loss reported to date, including individual losses and the losses of boroughs, schools, private corporations and fire companies, is $7,894,064. Up to 3:30 p. m. to-day blanks to the number of 491 have been filed, in addition to those acted upon, for future action of the board and local committees. Assuming that the average loss in these cases will be equal to the average loss in the cases already passed upon, viz: $1,550, there should be added to the total stated above $761,050, making a grand total of $8,655,114."

But one body was found to-day.

A committee from Chicago having the fund for the sufferers from that city in charge stopped off in town this afternoon. They will go to Cresson to-morrow and the action of the state commission there will cause them to determine what to do with their money.

Although the board of inquiry has filed a report, to be presented to the state commission to-day, its work here is not yet completed. Dozens of clerks are still at work registering the losses of those who had not been reported.

The work of cleaning up the town goes on very rapidly now and the satisfactory manner in which things are done is attributed largely to the fact that nearly all Johnstown men are employed.

Fronts are being put in the new business houses in the park, and they will be ready for occupancy in a few days. The new places on the market square are also about completed. Of the three remaining companies of the Fourteenth regiment here, in addition to the home company, companies F and I will go home on Saturday. Company C will still remain and with Company H, of this place, and the better organization of the local police, the town will be sufficiently well guarded.

The four Philadelphia fire engines have been manned and this morning put out two incipient fires.

Legalized Gambling.

Judge Field, in the Circuit court, at Kansas City, Mo., July 6, decided the suit of D. R. Francis, governor of Missouri, against B. B. Lyons and F. E. Price, of Sedalia. The suit was brought to recover the face value of two notes for $5,000, given by the defendants as collateral security for dealing in margins in wheat on the St. Louis market through Governor Francis's firm.

A change of venue was taken from St. Louis to Judge Field's court. The defendants claimed that the notes were given for gambling purposes and void. Gov. Francis claimed on the witness stand that the transaction was entirely legal or legitimate, and that he was ready to deliver the wheat at any time. Judge Field gave Mr. Francis a judgment for $5,000 with interest at 8 per cent.

Determined Murderer.

Capt. A. Goshinski, of the Polish guards, of Lasalle, Illinois, fired three bullets into his sleeping wife, on July 8, and then tried to end his own existence. Mrs. Goshinski, in her night dress and with the blood spurting from her wounds, jumped through a window and ran to a neighbor's house. With two revolvers, one in each hand, Goshinski climbed out upon the balcony of his house where he defied the police, and the fire department was called out. A stream of water was turned on the enraged captain, whereupon he placed the muzzle of one pistol over his heart and the other in his ear, and pulled the triggers. Both he and his wife are still alive, but have no chance of recovery. Financial difficulties formed the motive for the tragedy.

An Illinois Firm Does Not Want to Be Discriminated Against.

The grain firm of L. F. Webb & Co., of Dalton City and Macon, Illinois, have brought suit for damages in the United States District court at Springfield, against the Peoria, Decatur & Evansville railroad company for $10,000 for alleged discrimination in freight rates.

The plaintiffs allege that E. P. Hellman, vice-president of the company, is interested in the milling business and that firm gets a rate of 9c while Webb & Co. have to pay 8 cents. It is the first case brought in court under the Inter-state commerce bill, and will doubtless be taken to the United States Supreme court. It is to be a test case.

Untold Agony of Men Entombed In a Mine.

On July 3, two miners named Alexander and Johnson were caught in a cave-in in Nile mine shaft, at Helena, Mont. Hundreds of men were soon at work, and in a few hours Alexander, uninjured, was rescued at a depth of 200 feet. By tapping on the rock Johnston notified his rescuers that he was still alive, and yesterday a party reached him, but the aid came too late. Johnson was dead when taken to the surface, though he had Mess. 21 do pref. 90; Out. & West., 17; Oregon Navigation, 94; Oregon Trans., 3¾; Pacific Mail, 32½; Peoria, Decatur & Evans., 21½; Pitts., 160; Pullman Pal., 186; Reading, 48; Rock Island, 112; St. Paul & Om., 72; do pref., 112; St. Paul, 67½; do pref., 96; do 1st pref., 110; St. Paul, 67½; do pref., 106; St. Paul, Min. & Man., 97½; St. Paul & Omaha, 32½; do pref., 92; Tex. P., 19¼; U. Pac. 57½; U.S. Ex., 90; Wabash, St. L. & Pac., 15¾; do pref., 28¾; Wells Fargo Ex., 136; Western Union, 85¾; Quicksilver, 6; do pref., 37; Atchison, 38¾.

The M. K. & T.

The receivers of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad make official announcement on July